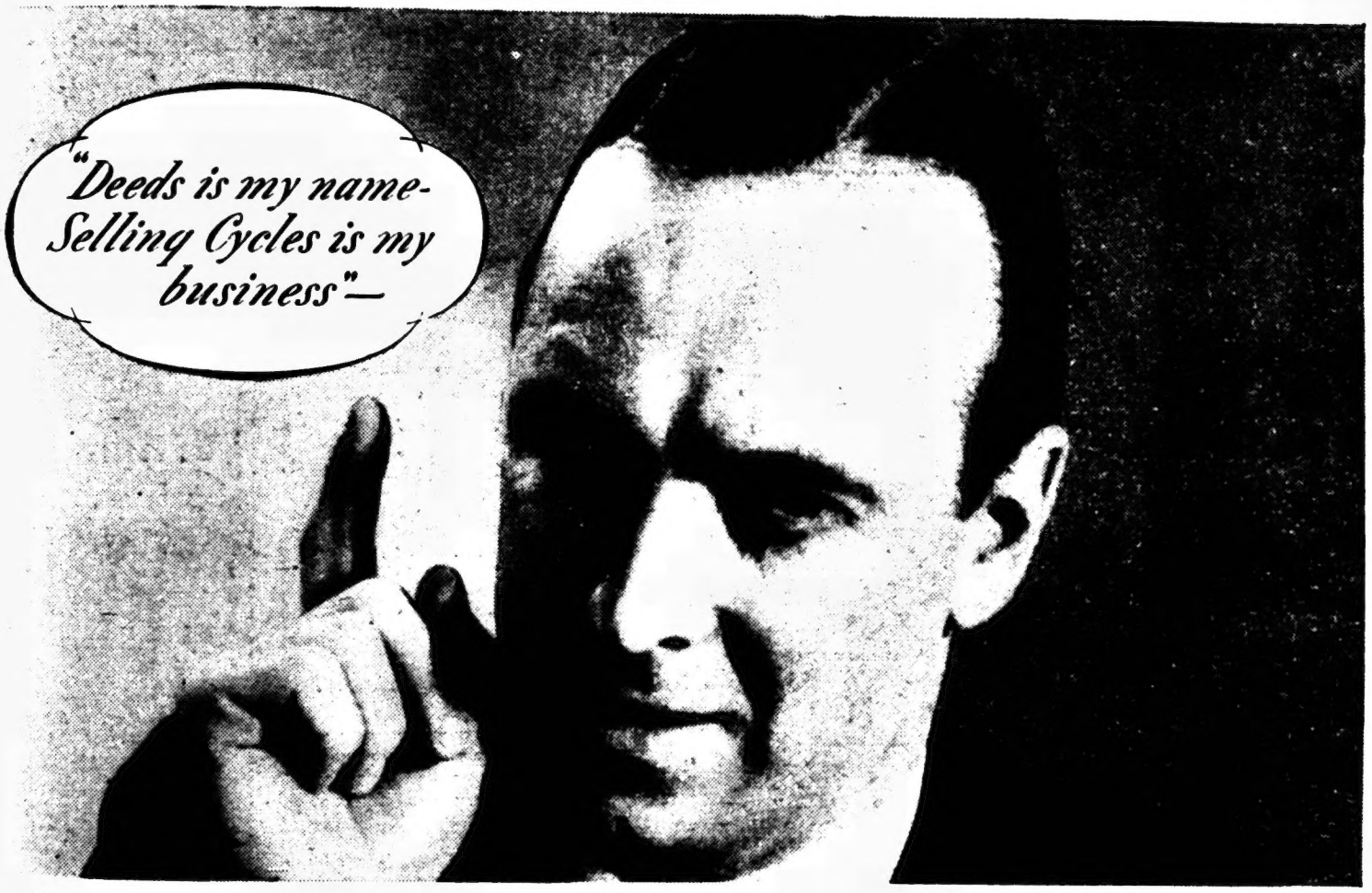
TWOPENCE
Vol. LXI.
1610.

WHAT CAN THE CHURCH DO . . . ? (SEE PAGES 24 & 25)

JOHN BULL



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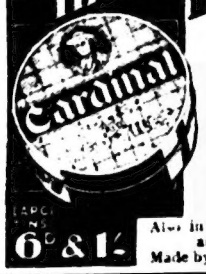

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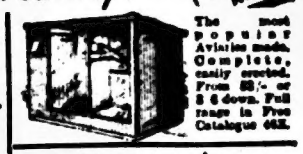

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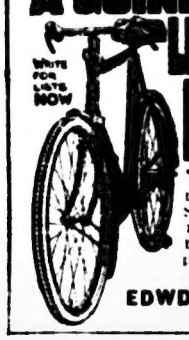

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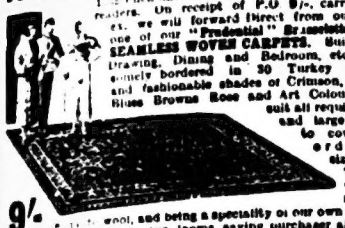

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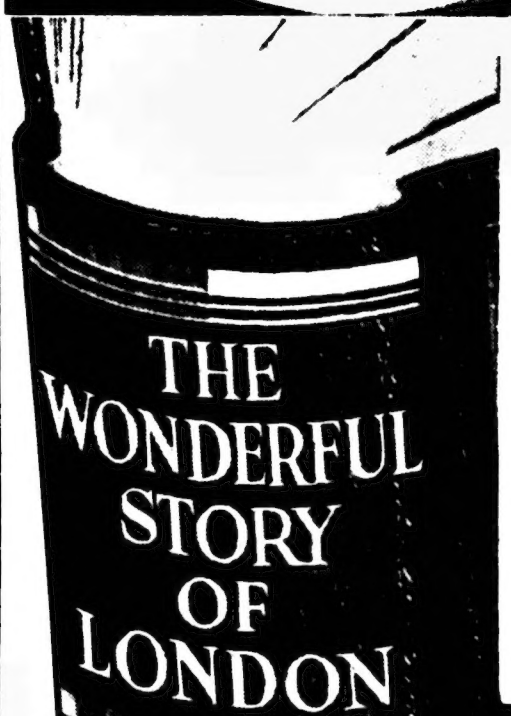

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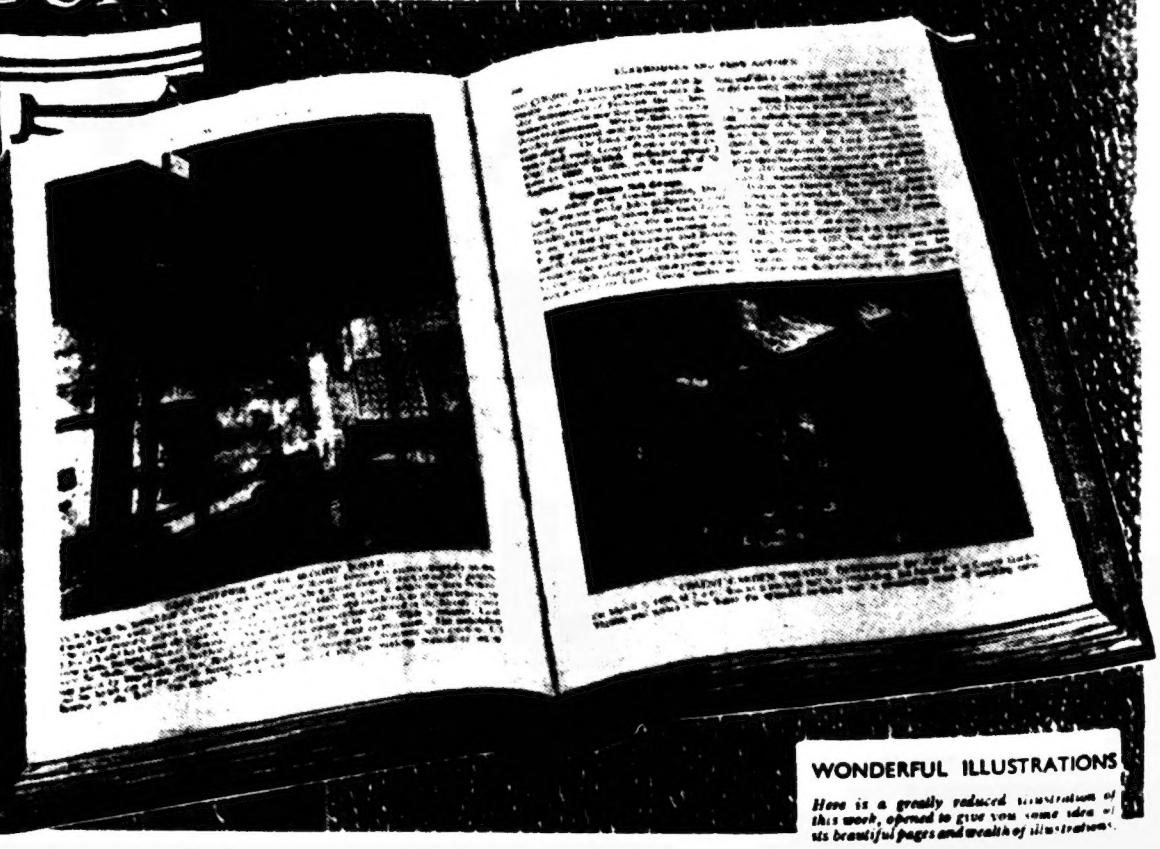

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

23,000 POST OFFICE SLAVES

He's got the money! But he lacks the heart to send a greetings telegram that would bring joy to thousands!

TWENTY-THREE thousand public servants are not getting a square deal. They are the small shopkeepers who hold appointments as sub-postmasters in every part of the country.

For years they have been pressing, through the National Federation of Sub-Postmasters, for a revision of the terms under which they are engaged, but the G.P.O. remains quite unmoved.

It is content to make increasing use of their services, yet it will grant no concession regarding terms which, never generous, are now altogether scandalous.

Members of the public who know the convenience of a "sub-" or "village" post-office will be appalled when they learn something of the conditions under which they are run.

Will they believe, for instance, that there are 7,000 sub-postmasters who are paid less than £1 a week for services which involve the handling of hundreds of pounds weekly and many other heavy responsibilities?

The obvious argument may spring to mind: "Oh, yes; but they have their own businesses, and the post-office work is just a comfortable extra. In fact, the post-office being in their shop may bring them custom they would otherwise miss."

★ THERE might have been something in that argument thirty years ago. It will not hold good to-day, when the volume of work performed by sub-post-offices has increased immeasurably.

The introduction of the "Greetings Telegram" and the increasing popularity of the telephone are just two items which have made sub-postmasters busier than ever before.

But every phase of post-office business has grown until last year the Postmaster-General was able to announce a record profit of £12,539,110!

Surely it is a scandal that not a penny can be spared from this huge surplus to relieve the lot of the struggling 23,000 servants whose extra efforts have helped to earn it?

What are the actual grievances of the men and women concerned?

Firstly, the general conditions are undeniably bad. They perform nearly every class of post-office duty, yet they enjoy no real status.

There is no superannuation scheme for them.

They have no kind of safeguard. They are liable to be turned adrift after serving the public and the G.P.O. for forty or fifty years, without a penny by way of gratuity or pension.

Large numbers of them can never take a holiday; some even have to go without regular meals in order to cope with a rush of business.

Often, on appointment, they are called upon to make structural alterations and bear the full cost themselves.

We have a case before us—that of a Worthing man—who laid out £50 in this way and then found that his yearly remuneration from the G.P.O. came to exactly £29 9s.

In another case—at Barnsley—a man, assisted by his wife and daughter, was kept working early and late.

He handled from £250 to £400 of post-office money each week for eleven years. Yet he never earned more than 34s. a week.

Now let us see how these hard-working public servants are treated by the wealthy G.P.O. when misfortune overtakes them.

★ A VILLAGE postmaster, who, on top of all other duties, had to be his own telegraph boy, was out delivering telegrams on his bicycle one day when he met with an accident.

He was laid up for six months.

The G.P.O. makes no allowances for sub-postmasters who fall sick or who are injured while performing their duty. So this man was compelled to draw the "dole."

He was actually better off! His dole amounted to £1 7s. 6d. a week. His salary had been between 18s. and 19s. a week!

"Who can blame me," this man asks, "that I preferred 27s. a week and my time to myself rather than 19s. a week for very wearying work, besides the burden of being responsible for £200 in cash and securities?"

Who indeed!

Cases of hardship can be found throughout the country.

★ WE know of a fifty-year-old widow with a little general store who has often put in a fifteen-hour day coping with the post-office duties. Yet her income for this has never been more than £38 a year.

Now here is another grievance. It has repeatedly happened that when a sub-office has shown a big increase in business that justifies the opening of a district post-office the sub-postmaster has been sacked without a penny compensation.

Half a century of service may count for nothing. Three months' notice—then OUT!

The plight of those who grow old in the service is another source of grievance. With no hope of a pension many carry on long after they are too old. One man did so till he was ninety-two—and the G.P.O. allowed it.

As the greatest business organisation in the world the General Post Office must remove these blots from its otherwise proud record. The cries of its 23,000 wronged servants have gone unanswered far too long.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

End the Cup-Tie Meanness!

MAYBE you are shocked to learn that players on the losing side in the Cup Final, which draws an annual gate of more than £15,000, receive no special reward at all for their part in the game.

Similarly, you will probably be surprised that players who represented England and Scotland at Hampden Park, Glasgow, last Saturday had to choose between a commemorative medal and the sum of £6 per man. They couldn't have both medal and money.

And you will agree with us that this is niggardly treatment of men with less security than most of us and whose football career must end about the age of thirty.

It Pays To Lose

In the Wembley Cup Final, winning and losing clubs—as clubs—get equal shares of the gate-money. Actually the losing club is a little better off, because it is prevented by rule from paying the £8 per player which the winners receive!

C. E. Sutcliffe: Football League Boss

Matters have now come to a head. A meeting of Football League clubs on Friday, April 30, to consider some reward for runners-up in the Final, will give an opportunity to discuss other problems of interest to professional players.

Crazy, Unfair

Football finance has, in fact, been one gigantic mistake since the war.

Refusal to consider the box-office value of players is obviously unfair. What could be more ludicrous than that one of the teams in the Final, which has attracted more than half a million spectators in a single season, is not entitled to any reward apart from the usual weekly wage which is paid to teams who get knocked out in the first round?

Transfer Fees

Or take the case of a player bought by a club for £10,000. His share of the transfer fee received by his former club is nothing. He is entitled only to an "accrued share of benefit," the size of which depends on the generosity of his club!

Now, as a result of the coming discussions, an entirely new range of payments to players will be drawn up, with increases based on future limitations of transfer fees, so that money can be distributed to individual players rather than to the clubs.

We hope so, anyway!

Patriotism—Second Rate

Particularly mean, it seems to us, are certain prosperous munition makers who refuse their workers a day's paid Coronation holiday.

Perhaps they will be too busy turning out weapons of death for foreigners who may some time use them against Britons. For large numbers of fighting 'planes are being sold abroad, as well as steel that will be forged into guns and swords.

And £1,300,000 of other "arms, ammunition and military and naval stores" were exported last year.

Profits before patriotism, of course.

Secret Police Work

Private information for people who have sufficient spare money to have bought seats to view the Coronation procession:

They are all being "checked up." Which means that everything concerning them, their names and addresses, occupations and private affairs are being discovered by Special Branch officers from Scotland Yard.

Any undesirables will be told to keep away. Whether they will get their money back is not quite clear.

Police Watch on Private Lives
Our Schools of Old Iron!
Verdict for Us!

Busy Time

Also as part of Coronation police precautions, detectives from headquarters are having to spend the whole of their evening off-duty time in the West End of London, frequenting hotels, restaurants, and amusement places just to keep observation and note who is about in the way of crooks—female as well as male.

Enquiries are even being made about employees on the Coronation route!

Council Comics

The week's funny story comes from Malton, where it is seriously suggested that some of the money subscribed for Coronation celebrations should be spent on painting the town hall and other civic buildings.

Has Malton no poor?

Answer, Mr. Brown

Grave allegations are made that Welsh girls, brought to London by the Ministry of Labour, are left stranded.

And to-day (Thursday) the Minister must answer questions on the point put to him by Mr. Arthur Jenkins, the South Wales M.P.

Mr. Jenkins says the girls are promised jobs at 35s. to 40s. a week, with lodgings at 15s. He declares that neither of these undertakings is observed.

Whatever reply Mr. Ernest Brown may make, he'll be faced with similar protests next week from the National Council of Labour Women.

More Pension Paradoxes

Three Marine officers have just been granted "good service" pensions of £150, a year, which, of course, are in addition to their ordinary Service pensions.

A holder of the V.C. *may* be granted a pittance of 10s. a week if he proves his poverty!

Isn't it a warped mentality that regards valour as a lesser form of good service?

Heads Of Iron

Sympathise with the fury of Ashford (Middlesex) mothers.

As we told you recently, they have protested because eighty children are being taught in a one-roomed corrugated iron shed. And they've a new cause for complaint.

Because sixty new pupils have been enrolled, fifty others are now being taught in a second iron hut which used to be a furniture store. And they have to cross the road when they go out to play.

Can it be that the authorities' heads, as well as the schools, are of old iron?

Under Fire

Next, pity the Home Office. Its scheme for emergency fire brigade services during air raids is described as "practically unworkable" by London fire officers.

So all its air-raid plans seem to come under fire from one quarter or another. Why not scrap and try again?

Dictating Private Lives

Latest freak Nazi rule is that German officials must marry at twenty-five.

In Britain the banks, many commercial offices, the Army and the Church all discourage marriage at twenty-five.

Which dictatorial system do you prefer? We say both are impudently unfair.

Perilous Nursing Homes

Sir Kingsley Wood, we're glad to tell you, has ordered all local authorities to make a careful inspection of nursing homes.

Eleanor Rathbone: Wakes Kingsley Wood

And he is personally going to consider complaints by Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., of inadequate and insufficiently qualified nursing staffs.

Miss Rathbone also alleges that insufficient precautions are taken to prevent infection, especially in some homes where maternity as well as surgical cases are taken.

We, too, have drawn attention to such grave abuses; let us hope that authoritative action will now follow.

Death To Old Crocks

Not by small measures like the Ministry of Transport's latest regulations will the appalling road slaughter be greatly reduced.

Still, every little helps. By deciding to rid the roads of old and unsound cars—and there are at least 250,000, according to official estimates—Mr. Hore-Belisha has adopted our advice.

Hot Air

Let's have no more of those B.B.C. speakers who tell listeners in industrial regions how they can scrape through on about £400 a year.

Too unsettling for the millions who make a brave show on £2 a week and can still afford a wireless licence!

For Murderers Only

Obviously, Hull public libraries are right to refuse to stock a book described as "a useful handbook for murderers," in which the author describes all the best ways of getting rid of a corpse.

We are surprised so useful a weapon for potential killers came to be published.

Neglecting The Babies

Mr. Somerville Hastings, distinguished surgeon in charge of L.C.C. medical services, says that nearly half the London children going to school at the age of five "have something wrong with them." We doubt this is true, not only of the metropolis, but of the whole country.

Somerville Hastings: Drops a Bombshell

Medical treatment for school children, in life the panel system—but no provision for the young, though in infancy the many permanent disabilities begin.

So should the Government's "Nation" plans include an extension of medical service to remedy this dangerous neglect?

True And Fair

Mr. Clement West has lost his action against JOHN BULL. He is founder of the National Register of Defaulters, a business "organised to the protection of football pools promoters," which we criticised last year.

At Liverpool Assizes last week the jury found our article to be truthful, honest and fair in comment. The verdict, with costs, was awarded in our favour.

Lay Off Lancashire!

There must be no more financial racketeering with the Lancashire cotton industry. Speculators caused a lot of suffering there after the war, and the effects of it still lingers.

The President of the Board of Trade has been given a hint of the possibility of another financial ramp to obtain control of mills, and we urge him to keep his eyes and ears open.

Not Cricket!

We wonder how much, if any, of the £42,000 Test profits the M.C.C. receive will go to improve cricket at home.

R. W. V. Robins says, "Australians start cricket on concrete pitches, so why can't English boys do likewise?"

Apparently we'll go on trying to produce Bradmans on wickets that are all bumps and potholes, or paving stones and lamp-posts.

Prosperity's Pinch

Week-end shopping is becoming an increasing ordeal for housewives. Prices are still rising, but husbands are bringing home no extra money to pay the bills. So far as essentials are concerned it is claimed that what cost a pound three months ago now costs 26s.

The pinch of prosperity!

Progress

It seems certain that the Bill to prevent people from making wills which treat their families unfairly will become law. Since we lag behind other civilised countries in this respect, so much the better.

Who's Next For £10?

WINNER of £10 for a postcard in our Headings No. 1 is announced on page 46. Who's next for a Headings cheque?

Decide which are the three best paragraph headings on this page and write them IN ORDER OF MERIT on a postcard. Judge the headings, as the Editor will, by their aptness and neatness of phrasing.

A £10 cheque awaits the reader whose selection and order of headings corresponds with or is nearest to the Editor's—dozens of smaller awards for senders of next best entries. Ties divide.

This contest is exclusively for readers who have not entered for any JOHN BULL *competition in the last twelve months, apart from the previous two Headings Contests; declare on postcard that you are eligible. One postcard only per reader; Editor's decision is final.*

Address your postcard, bearing penny stamp: £10 Postcard No. 3, JOHN BULL, *Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Closing date: Friday April 30. Result in issue out following Thursday.*

KNOCK-OUTS

Sir Stafford Cripps: "One of the best things about the Labour Party is its respectability." *Easy talk, but will millions vote for any Party they considered disreputable?*

* * *

Col. H. M. Hardcastle: "Are we getting a bit too soft and effeminate? *For answer, see miners, steelworkers, farm labourers and tennis-playing fur coats.*

* * *

Mrs. Ray Strachey: "Women solicitors are handicapped in commerce because they are too conscientious." *Thousands of business women find it a handicap.*

* * *

Mrs. S. Peatre: "My Fellowship of Marriage will give advice to newly-weds on all domestic problems." *Helpful but lots of women would prefer help to become wed.*

The Rubber-heel Detective

Since Sir Philip Game (here seen with Lt.-Col. Sir Hugh Turnbull, Commissioner of the City Police) was appointed Commisssoner at Scotland Yard there have been several revisions of Disciplinary Board recommendations in favour of accused police officers. This article tells how the policeman's own tribunals work . . .

A SENIOR detective officer of the City of London Police—a man of long service, excellent record and many commendations by judges and magistrates — is dismissed the Force as the outcome of a Disciplinary Board.

News of his ignominy is published in the newspapers of the country. He is ruined in his career of life as effectively as an officer of the Royal Navy or Army is broken by the judgment of a court-martial.

That is, unless an appeal on his behalf to the Home Secretary—the supreme authority by law over the police of the country—is upheld.

Of courts martial members of the public know the general routine. They read the evidence which is given by witnesses before those tribunals. They appreciate the full implication of the charges. They can weigh, to some extent, the effect of prosecution and defence.

But the "courts of the police" are secret. It is considered by authority—rightly or wrongly is not a question of this article—that official enquiries concerning the conduct of a police officer, no matter of what rank, should be held behind closed doors.

No member of the public is admitted beyond the person, or persons, who lodged the complaint.

In the public interest such investigations are undisclosed. Only the final decision of the Police Commissioner or the Chief Constable, as the case may be, is made known.

With a force of the size of the Metropolitan Police complaints against individual officers are constantly arising. Many of them are contained in anonymous letters sent to headquarters.

Every allegation which has any substance and detail is investigated.

At the Yard there exists a staff of detective officers who are detailed—as occasion demands—to ascertain the truth of any statement involving the credit of a fellow-officer.

Among policemen these detectives are known as "the Rubber Heel Squad." Their duty is unpleasant but necessary.

Often they work for months in following up evidence against a "suspect." Many times they make reports which show there is no foundation whatever for the suspicion.

If on the other hand, the dossier they collect is adverse to the officer, then his suspension is ordered and automatically the disciplinary board follows.

WHAT of those courts or boards which have such drastic power over the careers of all police officers?

Throughout the country the process is similar, although the machinery differs.

In the Metropolitan Police, with its establishment of 20,000 men, the procedure in regard to offences of discipline or good conduct is on well defined lines.

Smaller irregularities alleged against a policeman are dealt with by his local superintendent according to the powers allowed him. Other matters of a more serious kind come before the area Assistant Commissioner.

Only grave charges reach headquarters at New Scotland Yard, and are made the subject of a disciplinary board appointed by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

When an officer has such complaints brought against him he is at once suspended from duty pending the sitting of the board. He is supplied with a copy of the allegations and a précis of the evidence, and is given at least seven days in which to prepare his answer.

Then, in due course, the board assembles. It is composed of three officers—an assistant commissioner, a district chief constable, and a superintendent. None of the officers named for the board has anything to do with the division or department in which the defendant was working. They are independent.

Carefully drafted rules govern the conduct of a board. Years ago there was a certain slipshod style about an enquiry. The particular ideas of the president of the board regarding the charges were allowed full rein.

Now all that is altered.

Against the fairness of a board, serving police officers have no criticism. They know that every possible consideration will weigh in the minds of the court in favour of the defendant.

THERE is, however, one point which all ranks consider needs revision. The laws of evidence do not apply to police boards. Matters of hearsay are admitted. Witnesses do not testify on oath.

As a disciplinary board, conducted at Scotland Yard, is actually a police court martial, the London police do think that the model of a court martial should be followed more closely.

The court at Scotland Yard is a long, narrow, rather sparsely furnished room on the second—or Commissioner's—floor. There is a desk for the members of the board; a table for the defendant and his adviser; a place for the witnesses, and the shorthand-writers who record all that takes place.

On one occasion as many as sixteen defendants appeared in a body before a board. They came from an East London division, and the charges against them was of consorting with bookmakers for the purpose of receiving bribes.

It is the duty of a disciplinary board of the Metropolitan Police to recommend a decision for or against a defendant to the Commissioner.

On that recommendation the Commissioner acts. He can approve the findings of the board and the suggested punishment, or he can modify the punishment.

Since Sir Philip Game became the Commissioner a number of recommendations from disciplinary boards have been revised in favour of the delinquent officers. Formerly such revision was unusual.

Against the decision of the Commissioner a Metropolitan Police officer has no appeal unless he is punished with dismissal, or called upon to resign, from the force.

In that event he can appeal. A similar right of appeal to the Home Secretary against summary dismissal, with the inevitable loss of pension, lies with every policeman in England.

When such an appeal reaches the Home Secretary (and an appeal is to be delivered by the dismissed City detective inspector) he (or his guidance, lays all the papers before a private committee which is usually composed of a stipendiary magistrate, a barrister and an independent business man

As individuals of legal and ordinary experience, the members of the committee consider the documents in a kind of jury capacity and then report privately to the Home Office.

Rarely indeed is a decision of a Commissioner of Police or a Chief Constable to dismiss a police officer altered by the Home Secretary.

Now in the City of London, in most counties, cities and boroughs having their own police, a disciplinary board normally consists of the Commissioner (in the City of London) or the Chief Constable.

The court is a court of one adjudicator, who deals with the alleged offender in the same way as the commanding officer of a Navy ship or an Army unit deals with defaulters and prisoners.

In local areas an officer punished by his chief for dereliction of duty or discipline can appeal to the standing joint committee of the county or watch committee of a city or borough council.

So in these ways a police officer is, in theory, protected against undue harshness on the part of his superior, although in practice it is quite unlikely a committee of aldermen and councillors will run contrary to the declared intention of its own chief of police.

STILL, the instrument for preventing injustice in the punishment of police officers *does* exist, although its effectiveness may be doubted

Quite safely it can be said, however, that injustice rarely occurs

There was, not so long ago, the case of a superintendent. Men of the "Rubber Heel Squad" were instructed to discover information as to his off-duty associates. For months he was under secret observation. Eventually he was called to Scotland Yard and told he was to appear before a disciplinary board.

Before the board the defendant was asked to account for the manner in which he had obtained considerable sums of money paid into his bank.

He chose to refuse. And he was dismissed—although his record proved that he was one of the finest police officers in London.

By ways such as these does the disciplinary board—the court martial of the police—work for the safety of the public and the clean reputation of the men who guard the public.

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

RELEASE Vincent ARPINO!

LORD HEWART, the Lord Chief Justice of England, said recently: "A man who has a good character is like a man who has a bank balance. In the hour of adversity he can draw upon it."

When he spoke these words, Lord Hewart had in mind the dispensing of leniency to offenders of previous good reputation appearing for the first time in the courts of justice. He was advocating the use in proper cases of the probationary and other reformative measures by benches of magistrates.

A particularly unhappy case of a man who could not draw on his good character account in an hour of need has now to be made known.

The unfortunate fellow is Mr. Vincent Arpino, aged twenty-six, of Darwin Buildings, Walworth, S.E., who was married only a few months ago.

He carries on business as a greengrocer, and was visited at his shop one day recently by two strangers with a handcart, who invited him to buy some bags of coke cheaply.

Mr. Eustace Fulton, K.C., new chairman of London Sessions

Accepting the word of the men that they merely wanted to dispose of the unsold remainder of a load which they did not wish to have the trouble of taking back to their premises, he agreed to purchase the coke.

Some days later the men returned and again offered him a quantity which, they said, had been left on their hands. Again he bought.

But he admits that his suspicions were aroused as soon as the strangers had departed, and he talked over the matter with his young wife.

A few hours later detectives called on Mr. Arpino, informed him that the coke he had bought was stolen and took him into custody on a charge of receiving it. All the coke was returned.

The young man not only gave the fullest and frankest explanation of the transactions to the police, but also gave them such a complete description of the men who had called on him that they, too, were speedily arrested.

Unfortunately, Mr. Arpino did not obtain legal help before entering the dock at the police court. If he had done so, he would most certainly have been advised to plead innocence and he might have been acquitted.

As it was, he pleaded guilty, believing that his case would be disposed of with the utmost leniency when the facts were made known to the court. Unhappily, no evidence in his favour was given at all, and he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The two thieves, who were charged at the same time, were sent to prison for one month.

Distracted by the sentence, Mrs. Arpino obtained the assistance of solicitors and counsel. But it was then too late to have the plea of guilty withdrawn and to seek the quashing of the conviction. All that could be done was to appeal against the sentence at the London Sessions.

* * *

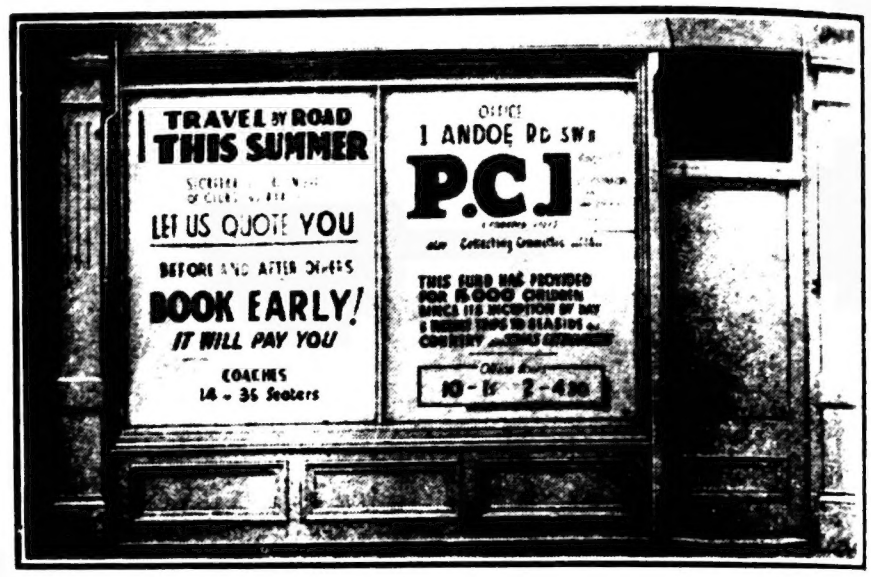
The appeal has now been heard. Abundant evidence was given of the spotless character borne by Mr. Arpino and of the high reputation of his family.

The police strengthened the testimony of a clergyman and other witnesses to this effect, and described without reservation the help which Mr. Arpino had given them in tracking down the thieves.

It was all of no avail. It was ordered that the young man should serve the three months' sentence.

The words of the Lord Chief Justice were quoted to the court, but there was no compassion.

Mr. Arpino has been only a few days in jail. We believe that the Home Secretary will only have to examine the facts to arrive at a decision to have the rest of the sentence remitted.



This small shop is the headquarters of the nation-wide appeal of the Poor Children's Fund

Worst Charity in Britain

IN hundreds of thousands of British homes there has been placed buff-coloured rectangular envelopes seeking donations for the Poor Children's Fund—to provide necessitous boys and girls with clothing, food, boots and country and seaside holidays.

The Poor Children's Fund has also represented itself as a "collecting committee" for hospitals and other charitable societies, and, if its literature was to be believed, at least 15,000 children would seem to have been provided for lately as a result of its efforts.

JOHN BULL must warn the public that the Poor Children's Fund is the worst of all the countless bogus charities that still exist. By one method or another the authorities should take action to suppress it completely.

Evidence obtained by Sir Wyndham Childs, the head of our Investigation Department, has convinced him that no more grossly impertinent appeals for benevolent support have ever been made than those being distributed by the Poor Children's Fund throughout the land.

The headquarters of this abominable charity are contained in a room of a small lock-up shop in Andoe Road, Clapham Junction, London, S.W., where it is announced that a motor coach booking business is also carried on.

But, except for the people behind the Poor Children's Fund, few persons are allowed to enter these unpretentious premises. JOHN BULL representatives have called there a number of times, always to find the shop closed.

Genuine charity organisations have no difficulty in obtaining workers from reputable employment agencies. But no employment bureau of any standing will countenance for a moment applications by the Poor Children's Fund to supply collectors or other representatives.

So the sponsors of this impudent and spurious charity have resorted to a system of deception to obtain agents for the purposes of the widespread appeal now being made to the public.

In applications to the best employment agencies for workers they do not say a word about the Poor Children's Fund, but represent that staff is required in connection with arrangements for sightseeing tours to be provided for London's visitors during the Coronation period.

The other day one business woman was induced by this misrepresentation to visit the small shop in Andoe Road. She could obtain no response from knocking at the door, and was only admitted after she had telephoned to the shop from a near-by call-box.

She was received by a woman who said her name was Mrs. W. England, and that, although she was secretary of the business carried on, she knew very little about it, and that instructions regarding prospective employment would be given by an individual named Edward Ford.

The caller was astonished when Ford told her to disregard entirely the information she had been given regarding the Coronation tours, and that what was expected of her was that she would become a collector for the Poor Children's Fund at a weekly salary plus 20 per cent. commission on all money gathered and certain travelling allowances.

It was the first she had heard about the existence of the Poor Children's Fund, and she was more amazed still when Ford instructed her that if she were ever challenged by police officers while making house-to-house collections she was to tell them "to mind their own business."

* * *

The name of Edward Ford does not appear anywhere on the literature or notepaper of the Poor Children's Fund.

That is scarcely surprising.

If it did, he might be more easily identified as an individual who has been convicted for making a false statement to obtain public assistance relief and who has served prison sentences for fraud, theft and larceny.

Much more information to the discredit of the Poor Children's Fund and its promoters could be given to the public, but what has been related should be sufficient to deprive it of all support and to persuade the authorities to blacklist it.

HOME ROYAL OAKS

MONEY For You! Up and down Britain this cry is being shouted into the people's homes. It is blazoned in red on circulars that are being distributed by post on a vast scale to the furthest corners of the country.

The Coronation celebrations are producing an abundant crop of profit-making devices. By far the choicest plant in the field is this very easy-money-getting scheme.

It has been launched under the attractive title of Coronation Prosperity Oaks from an address in Regent Street, London, S.W. You might suppose at first that this is some kind of great forest of young oak trees, but it is only a modest office taken over a few weeks ago by the present tenants.

We would all like, announce the people in that office, to commemorate this historic year, and many of us feel that we and our families should play a part in the history of our country by planting some landmark that will endure.

And the oak, which, they go on to say, stands as a symbol for all that is best and most solid in Britain's public life, is the ideal tree for commemoration planting.

They not only offer you the chance of an oak for nothing, but also profit and prosperity.

True, you must first pay 6s. 6d. down to ensure that you will have an oak for yourself, but you will soon recover that money, with substantial interest, because you are then required to sell three more oaks—or as many more as you can dispose of—and will earn a commission of 3s. 6d. on every one.

Then you and the people to whom you sell the oaks must wait in patience. You and they will not get any oaks until next November, because, it is explained, no trees can be transplanted in this country with safety until after October.

But you are told for your satisfaction that during all that time your oaks will be tended free of charge. In November you will get still another gift with the oaks. Each tree will be adorned with an inscribed metal Coronation seal.

* * *

JOHN BULL can scarcely believe that its readers will join with great enthusiasm in this remarkable movement to restore Britain to its primeval forest state by planting the Regent Street oaks in their gardens as they are being asked to do.

If there is anything lacking in this wonderful scheme it is that its promoters have not told the public what profits they are likely to make from the sale of acorns and oak apples when the trees mature.

Read Before Signing

FROM places as far apart as Falmouth and Falkirk come reports this week of an imposition on busy housewives.

Canvassers invite them to accept postal delivery of the catalogue of one firm or another. They are told it will be sent free, but, as it is expensively produced, it can only be supplied on written request.

A form is presented for signature.

Soon a quantity of goods arrives, followed by a demand for payment. Too late the victim finds that what she actually signed was an agreement for them to be supplied.

KIDNAPPED BOY

Mother's Tragic Plea

FOR months a woman has been searching Britain for her six-year-old son. She has been helped by the police, officers of the NSPCC., and numerous private detectives. But the quest has failed.

Now on the advice of the authorities, she has appealed to JOHN BULL for aid, in the belief that if someone among more than a million and a half readers can help to trace the boy, all hope must be abandoned.

We respond gladly to her appeal, for never has there been a sadder case of separation of mother and child and of legal blockade of a woman's rights.

She is Flora Brenan, of Brighton, Sussex, and her missing six-year-old son is named Thomas Brenan, but is known as Buddy.

* * *

The pathetic story really opens in Canada in the year 1928, when the woman whose family belongs to Newcastle-on-Tyne, went through a proper ceremony of marriage with a man named Brenan who had previously lived in Brighton. Buddy was born two years later.

After four years of married life the family came to Britain and set up home in Brighton. Then the woman discovered that Brenan had been previously married and had another family, and that his lawful wife had died in 1929—a year after her marriage to him.

She offered to forgive Brenan and asked him to remarry her so that Buddy's birth could be legitimised. He refused to do so.

Her life with Brenan became impossible. She found herself on the street with her little son and her circumstances so reduced that she had to take a job as cook-housekeeper at a country house in Sussex.

She was at work there one day when she heard screams of terror from the garden, where a few minutes before she had observed Buddy romping happily on his tricycle.

A gardener rushed in and told her that a motor car had driven up to the gate. Two men had jumped out, seized the child and carried him off. The number of the motor car was taken, but it has never been traced, and description obtained of the kidnappers show that neither of them was Buddy's father.

A step in the pitiful tragedy was the application by the woman to the Brighton magistrates for an affiliation order against Brenan. She hoped thereby to establish her right to be the sole guardian of her son.

* * *

Buddy Brenan—can you help to find him?

The magistrates accepted this legal argument. No wonder Buddy's mother collapsed in a heap on the floor of the court!

But, more astonishing, when she tried to begin proceedings against Brenan as a married woman, she was baulked by a declaration that she could not do so because she was, in fact, a single person! At every turn she has found herself trapped.

Clearly it is a case which shouts for review by a higher court. But Buddy's mother has no means. So we are appealing to the Poor Person's Department of the Law Society to assist her.

And if even then no legal redress is open to this broken-hearted, sorrowing woman, nothing less can be asked for than that Parliament should amend the law which makes her sufferings possible.

In the meantime, little Buddy Brenan must be found.

Can you help?

WHO'LL TRY THIS?

VERY soon Britain may lose her reputation as a nation of shopkeepers. The retail trading system of the country is in dire peril—at least it will be so if a newly formed organisation lives up to the promise of its propaganda.

We refer to the Wholesale Purchasing Association, Ltd., of Evelyn House, Oxford Street, London, W.

Many householders have been surprised to find in their letter-boxes lately envelopes with the cheery message printed in large type—"Here's £26 For You—At Least."

From the literature they learn that, merely by paying £1 a year to the Wholesale Purchasing Association, Ltd., they will save 10s. out of every £2 a week they spend. Hence the minimum reward of £26 a year.

The chief attraction to members is that they can buy all their wants at wholesale prices with an average saving of 20 to 25 per cent. on each purchase.

So anxious are the directors of this new concern to please the public that they even promise a reduction of 10 per cent. on restaurant luncheon and dinner bills. Furniture, clothing, household linen and everything else that you could think of and want is to be provided at wholesale rates.

And if all that were not enough for your outlay of 20s., you can also have cheaper admission to cinemas, cheaper holidays and, best of all, free passes to the Zoo.

Still that doesn't nearly exhaust the promises of this wonderful association. Through it, you may not only effect every kind of insurance at reduced rates, but can be insured yourself, without any cost, for £50 to £1,000 against accidents of all kinds.

Never, indeed, has there been such commercial generosity. The new menace to ordinary trade and commerce may not yet be very serious, but, anyhow, it's bewildering.

Four Sacrificed Children

NOTHING has caused more disquiet to the chiefs of the public health service lately than the high number of deaths among children from diphtheria.

Free immunisation is now provided at most municipal and education clinics, but, notwithstanding these protective measures, the incidence of mortality continues to be alarming.

Could the suffering and deaths of these little ones be prevented? JOHN BULL is certain that it could to a very large extent.

Very distressing and disturbing are the letters which reach JOHN BULL constantly from parents bereaved of a child by diphtheria. All of them have one note—the failure of private doctors to detect the disease in its early stages and to provide proper treatment for the young sufferers.

Our readers are asked to examine four typical cases which have been made known to us in a few days and then to form their own conclusions.

Dr. G. C. Anderson, British Medical Association secretary

Sir A. McNalty, chief medical officer of the Health Ministry

First, a mother's letter from the Bow district of East London. She states that her four-year-old daughter complained of sore throat and she immediately took her to a doctor, because diphtheria had broken out at her school and also in the street. But the doctor said she had only contracted a cold, although her throat was red and angry.

In her sleep, the child raved and shouted for water. Again the mother went back to the doctor, but he merely ordered another cold cure.

A further appeal was made to him, but he refused to visit the child until next day, when he ordered her to be sent to hospital at once. There the little girl died in a few hours.

"At the hospital," writes the mother, "the doctors told me that if only a swab had been taken at first her life could have been saved."

Then a mother living near Coventry, who has lost her five-year-old son, describes how, day after day, a private doctor also treated the boy for a common cold, until at last he was compelled to admit that the child had diphtheria.

"The nurses and the doctor at the hospital, where the child died within twelve hours, told me," this mother continues, "that if my boy had been sent in only one day sooner he could have been saved. He was my only child.

"If I, as a mother, had not called in a doctor for my little son, I would have been dealt with for neglect. But the doctor whom I summoned is allowed to be free of all blame. Why?"

* * *

Next is a letter from a broken-hearted father in the Oldham district of Lancashire.

He states that when the illness of his six-year-old boy was reported to a private doctor, he refused to give him any medicine until the next day, although the child could not swallow or speak, was bleeding at the nose and mouth and suffering great pain.

The boy's body became black, but the doctor still refused to send him to hospital, informing his parents that they had nothing to worry about.

Next day the boy died from diphtheria. "My boy would have been alive to-day," says the anguished father, "if only the doctor would have diagnosed diphtheria and made arrangements for hospital treatment."

Then read this part of a letter from a parent at Dagenham, Essex:

"I have just lost my twelve-year-old boy from diphtheria. He had never had any illness before and was an all-round athlete.

"As soon as I observed my son's condition and the particularly bad state of his throat, I notified a doctor, who said there was nothing to be alarmed about, as there was no infection.

"As the days went on, my boy was in terrible agony and pain. Still no swab was taken of his throat. Not until ten days had passed did the doctor order him to hospital.

"If a swab had been taken when he first became ill he would have had a fighting chance and been with us to-day, for they did everything possible at the hospital to save his life. But it was too late.

"I feel I must write this letter to JOHN BULL for the sake of other dear children."

These four cases, reported to us almost together, are common examples of many sad letters bearing the same kind of news which regularly reach JOHN BULL.

There must be something far wrong in a private medical service which does not diagnose diphtheria among children more promptly so that their lives might be saved.

When parents themselves suspect the disease and ask for hospital treatment to be arranged for, it is pathetic and scandalous that doctors should delay proper action until death is near.

These tragedies demand nothing less than a public pronouncement by the Minister of Health on the real efficiency of the medical profession to detect and combat the diphtheria disease.

Million-Pound Sports Sham

THIS week JOHN BULL has been inundated with enquiries regarding one of the most extraordinary propositions ever made.

A deluge of literature—appropriately headed "Amazing Racing Sensation"—has been released.

It comes from what is represented to be a £1,000,000 organisation called the British Public Sports Combine, of Bolton Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

The public is invited to send investments to this Combine naming two horses which will not win races. The astounding promise is made that a dividend of 15,000 per cent. will be paid daily under this fantastic scheme.

That is not all. Each investor has next to find other people willing to subscribe to the scheme, and is offered a commission of 10 per cent. on further investments received. If that were not enough—anything, it is said, from £10 to £100 can be earned per week—credit is offered without any enquiry.

Both the magnificently named British Public Sports Combine and its £1,000,000 resources are a hollow sham.

The supposed Combine is nothing more than a change of name for an egregious ramp called the Express Daily Sports Association. And this Association is only a counterpart of another "catch" with the proud name of the National Football Association.

Behind these enterprises is an individual named Harold Johnson, who has for long been mixed up in unsavoury ventures which have disappeared one by one in a steady stream of reported defaults.

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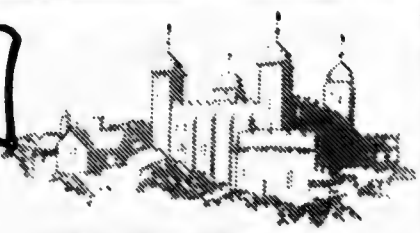

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

IT'S A BAD BUDGET, NEVILLE

A Very Mean City—The Widow's Plight—He Wants to Burn Down London

DEAR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, —I am not going to discuss your Budget in detail, for Parliament and the daily Press are doing that already.

I shall concern myself with what it leaves out rather than what it includes. And I think it a bad Budget, worse than it need have been despite the immense armament demands which you have had to meet.

It is bad because it lays fresh burdens on the poor and the middle classes, while leaving a minority to go on reaping unobserved fortunes.

It imposes no special and heavy taxation, for example, on the land speculators, the gentry who have bought land for a mere trifle, wait until its value is enhanced by transport services and building needs, and then sell out at a vast profit.

The gentry who own land required by the State for new aerodromes or new housing estates, and who hold us up to ransom.

* * *

Then there are those who, without the need for a single hour's useful work, make fortunes by artificially operated "booms" on the Stock Exchange.

The "trusts" and "rings" which are forcing up the prices of essential commodities to fantastic heights—and thereby repleting their swollen bank balances and reserve funds.

Yes, I know all about the difficulties involved in taxing these and other public evils. I also know that the difficulties could, given the determination, be overcome without subjecting your Treasury advisers to many headaches.

* * *

I wish you, let me point out, who were so responsible for tearing up the Land Values Taxation plans drawn up by Philip Snowden. You feared the wrath of your Dichard followers, though you would be able to persuade them to accept the rearmament programme and its sacrifices even from the vested interests.

Another point: Why are you still continuing to spend half your Budget in paying for previous wars? Why squander scores of millions on continuing to pay interest at a far higher than the market rate to the lucky holders of War Loans?

Philip Snowden counted it his greatest achievement to float a conversion scheme that reduced the interest on a comparatively small amount of such capital.

He alienated the country more than the new taxes will produce. Why do you not do likewise?

In a word, you could have met exceptional demands by exceptional taxes. You have preferred to plunder the little man and to bless the profiteer.

Orthodox finance maybe. But I look forward to the time when a Chancellor of the Exchequer has the courage to defy orthodoxy.—JOHN BULL.

A good thing his bad Budget will be his last!

The LORD MAYOR, *Liverpool*

SIR,—You need reminding that Birmingham is spending 1s. 1d. on every school child for a Coronation tea and that Leeds 1s. 3d. per child, Birkenhead 1s. and so on.

Your city council proposes merely to present each scholar with a certificate costing a halfpenny. And yet you declare that "there is not a child but will remember the Coronation."

Liverpool children, I presume, will remember your council's stinginess as well. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN, *Prime Minister*

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Your appeal to employers to guard their workers against nervous strain will rank, I think, as one of your best speeches.

Your insistence on the dangers of mechanisation, its effects on individuality, its speed, which all too often turns workers into nervous wrecks—that will be applauded by the public as a whole.

I have described in these columns many instances of men and women being shattered in physical and mental health by the ever-increasing strain of some mechanical processes. And I wish the Factory Bill which your Government has introduced dealt more adequately with this national scandal.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RAYMOND UNWIN, *Eminent Architect*

DEAR SIR RAYMOND,—Hardened as you are to the slums of many lands, "the sights" you witnessed while driving from London's East Surrey Docks to Blackfriars Bridge shocked you.

Such mass congestion, squalor and misery would, you say, "almost reconcile one to a second Great Fire of London."

No, better put a lot of property owners in their places than release fire-raisers from jail.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. H. NORTH, *Walthamstow*

DEAR MADAM,—You will, I am sure, have the sympathy of all my readers.

A widow with thirteen children, you had the misfortune to lose your home by fire a week ago. Since when you have been living, with nine of the children, in a single room of a condemned cottage—and have had to put a board at the broken window to keep out the rain.

Despite your plight, Walthamstow Council refuses to give you a municipal house, and you are faced with the workhouse.

How bitterly you must smile at the State's "More Babies" campaign!—JOHN BULL.

Signor BENITO MUSSOLINI, *Oppressor*

SIGNOR,—Again I have the displeasure of addressing you. Some of your Abyssinian subjects, disliking your humane machine-gunners and fatherly bombers, have fled into British Somaliland. Quite a few had accidentally wounded themselves by your bullets, and you are so disappointed by their leaving that you have sent aeroplanes to look for them.

I remember an impressive picture of you, sitting on a horse and brandishing a sword, declaring yourself protector of the coloured races.

Next time you pose for the Press photographers, why not clasp a machine gun to your inflated chest?—JOHN BULL.

The MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN, *Home Office Spokesman*

MY LORD,—Congratulations on discovering the "grave danger" of coroners criticising people who cannot answer back, and that it is just as wrong to take away a man's reputation as to take away his liberty.

But I am not impressed with your "belief" that such abuses of the coroner's office will be the subject of future legislation.

Admitted abuses demand a remedy—not in the vague future, but now.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. BRYNMOOR DAVIES, *Welsh Colliery Owner*

SIR,—You believe there are men who, after long idleness, are not anxious to return to work in the pits. I want to remind you that there has been a 50 per cent increase in mine accidents in South Wales.

One explanation advanced is that men going back to work after years of unemployment have forgotten the old precautions.

Anyway, now that the owners want them again, they return to face greater risks than ever for the same paltry pay. —JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCILLORS, *East Riding, Yorks*

GENTLEMEN,—Everywhere road workers are discontented with their disgracefully low wages. It is expected that you will "set an example" by holding an enquiry to see whether roadmen and their families can exist on the 38s. a week which you pay them.

But why go through all the rigmarole of an enquiry? Surely you have only to ask yourselves whether you and your families could be kept in good health on such a meagre pittance.—JOHN BULL.

SIR JOHN SIMON: Bolton child may lose eye through being hit by boy's catapult. Why not ban sale of these "toys"? —JOHN BULL.

Major C. B. WAINWRIGHT, Amesbury: Lucky to be fined only £1 for allowing maimed decoy bird to be used at shooting range. Too lucky for my liking'—JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

CUPID— —in KILTS

Senorita Cordoba

OF all the girls who sing or dance
There's none quite like Lolita:
But, speaking as a Sassenach,
I do not yearn to meet her!

For when across the Tweed she went
Her castanets to clatter,
Lo! Scotia's purse-strings were unloosed
And bawbees ceased to matter!

Love-letters, aye, and sweets she had
From Alec and from Andy,
And saxpences were freely banged
By spendthrifts such as Sandy!

And so the fair Lolita, with
Experience trans-Atlantic,
Proclaims that of all men she's met
Scots are the most romantic!

Small wonder that this startling pronouncement by Senorita Lolita Cordoba, Mexican dancer and film actress, was accorded scream headlines by bewildered Sassenach sub-editors.

Interviewed after "two wonderfully crazy weeks" in Scotland, where a revue in which she is to appear was, so to speak, tried on the Caledonian (gay) dog, Lolita was described as rummaging in trunks and suitcases and bringing forth yards of Scottish tweeds, tartans, photographs and love-letters.

"I wanted to cry when I knew I must appear in Scotland," she remarked, burbled or otherwise conveyed to the interviewer, "but now I want to cry with joy. Never in my life, anywhere in the world, have I met such gallant and romantic men as in Scotland."

Well, the lady may be right. But, speaking as a resident of London, which is probably more congested with Scots than any other part of the far-flung Caledonian Empire, I should never have suspected it.

But it is conceivable that we smart Alicks of the writing world have all been wrong about the Alecs who are born (but seldom remain) north of the Tweed. The dour Scot, slow of speech, tight of purse and impervious to humour or romance, is perhaps a figment of the literary imagination.

Maybe McPhail Munkittrick, Aberbrothock of Ballocheevin and the rest of the clan are not as hard-headed and unsentimental as it has suited novelists and humorists to picture them. It is even possible that Sir John Reith unseals his lips and warbles love ditties in his bath.

Nevertheless, to a lover of tradition, such thoughts are disconcerting, and they may be even more so to Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled (and wha would hae bled Wallace had he been a Sassenach). For the average film star goes to less pains to sustain the illusion that she is happiest in my kitchen or among my books than does the average Scot to live up to his reputation for unromantic dourness.

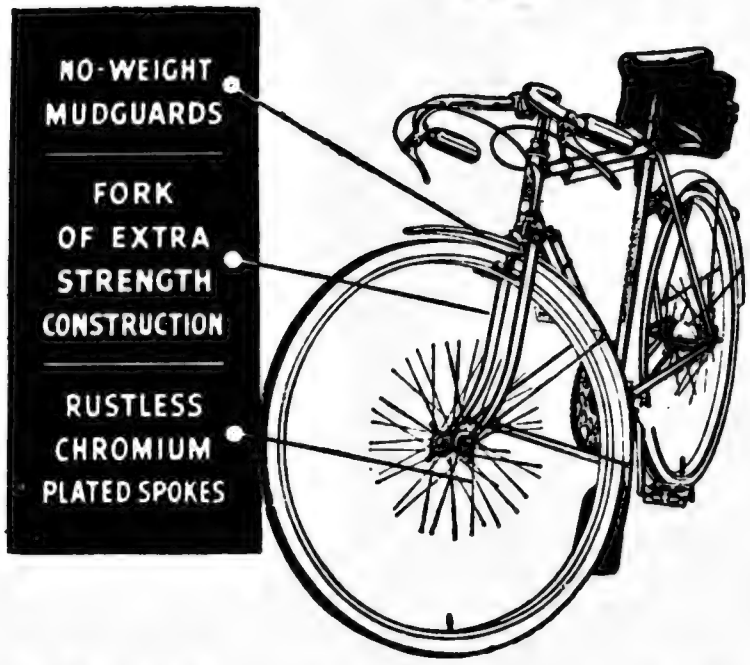
Now, however, that Senorita Cordoba has called Caledonia's bluff we shall have to revise quite a few of our notions, including our conception of a braw Scotch nicht:

When you hear a hoarse voice wailing out a love song to the stars
And the bagpipe purrs as gently as the sweetest of guitars,
When a chieftain named McAndrew turns a soft, lack-lustre eye
On a clansman named McTavish, and McTavish heaves a sigh
As he gazes on a photo of his only heart's delight,
Then you know that you have stumbled on a braw Scots nicht!

When McTurk tells of a lassie that he met near bonnie Doon
And McPherson in a corner, writes a sonnet to the moon,
When love-letters tied with tartan pass around from hand to hand,
And each clansman sucks a cachou when he's sipped his favrite brand,
When a kilted crooner's ditty calls forth murmurs of delight—
You will know that you're assisting at a braw Scots night!

Y. Z.

EVERY FEATURE TELLS A STORY OF RALEIGH *Quality*



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THE RALEIGH CYCLE COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM (Depots and Agents Everywhere)

Fit the Sturmey Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy

Grid to condenser

TRICKY JOB - THIS
H.T. plus — that's it

CONDENSER TO EARTH
THAT'S O.K.

Tricky job, this — and no error. NO ERROR — must watch points

That's good, that is - watching points.
My job, - all day - every day.

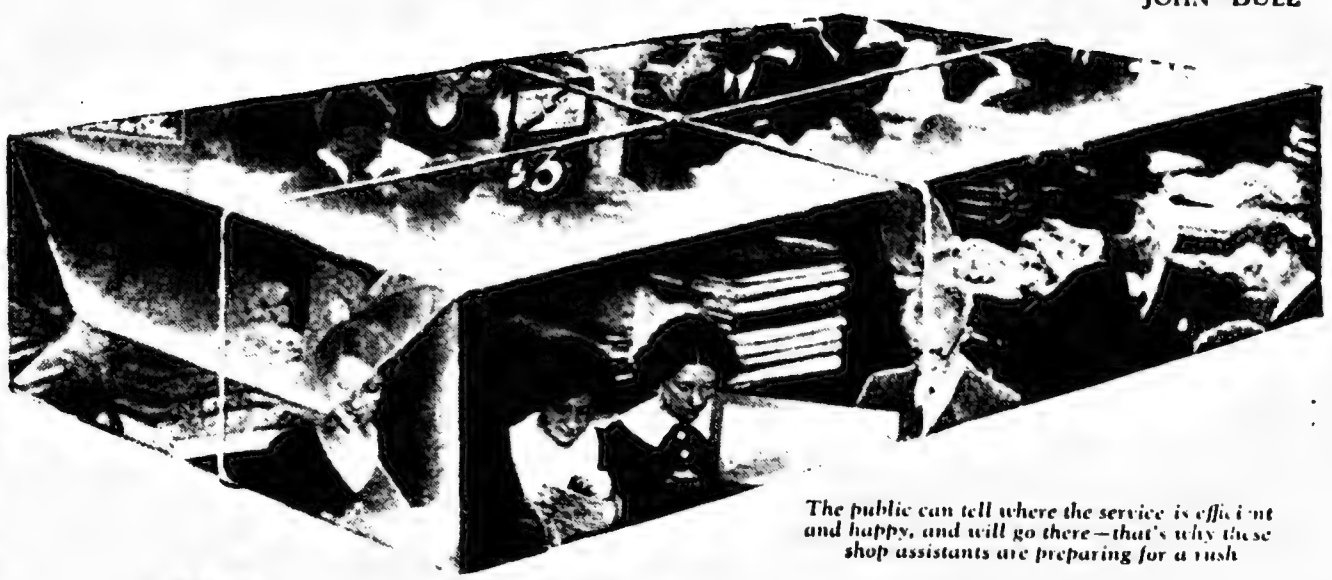
NOW — THEN — CATHODE — TO — DE-COUPLING —

Gosh! What wouldn't I give for an ARDATH

ARDATH

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

10 for 6d MILD and satisfying 20 for 1/-



The public can tell where the service is efficient and happy, and will go there—that's why these shop assistants are preparing for a rush

BATTLE Behind the Counter

● **SOON *we shall see a big struggle for the adjustment of wages in certain industries. There must be justice for the shop assistants, whose case is here championed***

By A. G. Gardiner

THE recent rise in the prices of commodities is to be welcomed in so far as it has given the producer a return on his labour. For if the producer produce at a profit he cannot ... and it was this condition of things ... chiefly responsible for the trade ... ion that has afflicted all ...

... pleasant for us as the world's ... consumer to buy under cost ... as the world's greatest trader ... pleasant for us to find that our ... were bankrupt.

... we gained on the swings we more ... on the roundabouts, and the ... ential of economic recovery was ... re deal for the commodity pro- ...

... has been done, and I repeat that ... be welcomed. But certain con- ... es follow.

... most obvious is that as commo- ... rise the real value of wages will ... And as this takes effect there will ... widespread movement for the ... ment of wages.

... this readjustment there is one ... class whose claim calls for special ... deration. It is that vast commu- ... connected with distribution, ... er in transport or in shops.

... regard to the former a Govern- ... committee is sitting to revise the ... in the transport industry. That ... to the good.

... improvement in the status of the ... worker is one of the most ... achievements of collective ... ing. For that achievement the ... as well as the industry, owes ... to that masterful statesman of the ... rial world, Mr. Ernest Bevin.

... re has been no such spectacular ... ement in the case of the shop ... Things are not, of course, as ... they used to be. The living-in ... has gone. Conditions generally ... better.

... Shop Assistants' Union has done ... work in organising a particu- ... difficult community. And there ... been one or two recent events ... point the way to large-scale ... in the status and condition of ... shop assistant.

... is a long way to go, for though ... general level has risen, it is still lower ... ought to be, and there are many ... fully bad spots.

... Shop Assistants' Union has ... —quite recent records, too—of ... working 69½ hours a week for ... women of forty receiving 20s. for a ... 's work, cashiers of eighteen on ... salary, and so on.

... of them are in the provinces. ... the position generally is worse than in London. They are only gross examples of a state of things which is discreditable to us and ought not to be tolerated.

There are brighter spots in the picture. Some firms genuinely concerned about the matter have put wages up, competition or no competition.

Last year, for example, a group of important grocery and dairy companies conferred with the Shop Assistants' Union at the Ministry of Labour, and ended by raising the wages of 3,850 assistants.

But at the conference it was pointed out that the only real reform is to enforce better standards on traders as a whole.

That is obviously so. It is plainly unfair that honourable firms who desire to pay an adequate living wage should be in competition with rivals who have no such compunction and sweat their employees

That was the principle of the Trade Boards Act of 1909, which sprang out of the Anti-Sweating League, of which I was chairman thirty years ago.

The Act was fought to the death by the sweaters, but it was warmly supported by the good employers, and no piece of legislation in this century has been attended with richer results.

It has abolished the sweater in the industries to which it has been applied, and in getting rid of his unfair competition (which was subsidised by the rates on which his victims had to fall back) has benefited industry, improved the condition of the worker and wiped out one of the foulest blots, on our social order.

To-day, the minimum wage principle is so firmly established in the sweated industries of the past that no one would dream of reverting to those evil times.

It may be asked why it has not been applied to the calling of the shop assistant, in which sweating is so prevalent. The proposal has been made, and it has had support not only from the union but from the good employers.

But it has not been adopted because of the practical difficulties, the principal of which is the cost of inspection.

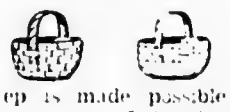
The shop assistant is not "a gregarious animal." He is scattered behind the counters of tens of thousands of shops, big and little, in town and country, and it would obviously involve a costly official machinery to administer the law.

But the minimum wage goal is the one towards which the industry must move—in one way, if not another.

And it is moving. A month or two ago, what has been described as "an epoch-making document" was signed at Montague House, under the benevolent auspices of the Ministry of Labour.

It was an agreement for the regulation of wages and conditions between the greatest firm employing shop assistants in the provinces and the Shop Assistants' Union.

I know something of the circumstances out of which that agreement arose, and have reason to believe that other big combinations are ready to follow suit. If that is so, we are witnessing the greatest step forward that has yet been made towards the goal of voluntary trade union agreements covering the whole of the distributive trades.



This step is made possible by the enormous extension of the chain store.

Whether we like or dislike that phenomenon of our time, it makes the problem of the shop assistant manageable.

He is coming more and more into the employment of great enterprises with which the Shop Assistants' Union can negotiate on large and comprehensive lines.

I cannot doubt that the example which has been set will be followed by all the great combinations, and that as a result the position of the shop assistant throughout the country will be raised to a higher level.

And though the Trade Boards principle of the minimum wage may not be applied universally, the effect of the movement will react upon the single-shop competitor.

For public opinion will operate here as it did not in the sweated industries. The public knew nothing of the poor drudge who was stitch-stitch-stitching, "with eyelids heavy and red," in her garret.

But the public can tell where the service behind the counter is efficient and happy, and it will go there.

And those who wish to keep their business going in the conditions that are coming will have to take care that the man or woman behind the counter is an advertisement for the establishment.

Just a Human Story

HIS CHEATED AMBITION

COAL is booming again. Thousands of ... -or-work colliers find themselves ... harness. In the intervals be- ... shifts one of them has found time ... us this little story:

When I was on my way to work the ... day some old chaps stopped me ... id me I was lucky. It made me ...

When I was a lad, I went in for study- ... Seeing the white, drawn faces of ... father and grandfather, I said I'd be ... thing different, something cleaner. ... school days ended, and dad ... dled me off to the pit.

It wasn't one of these modern pits, ... coal-cutting machinery and elec- ... haulage have displaced old methods. ... hewer crouched in his cubby-hole of ... seam, hacking away, with steam ... from his begrimed, almost naked ...

The roof was treacherous, difficult to ... mber. I attended safety-first classes. ... believe me, I had plenty of chances ... practise what I learned.

Oh, yes, I made progress. From tally-boy I rose to drawer, from drawer to jinny-tenter. Why, I was soon able to go walking-out—with Sarah.

Then came the war, and I joined up. Sarah cried a bit. "Anyway, wait till tha sees me in my uniform," I said.

Secretly I told myself: "Here's my chance. I need never go back to the pit. I can get something different—something cleaner."

* * *

Well, you may remember the circumstances under which soldiers were demobilised. Miners were needed everywhere. A chap had only got to say he wanted to get back to the pit and he was rushed out of uniform.

I wanted to get back to Sarah. It's obvious what I did. . . .

I was back in the pit again; married to Sarah, now; still hoping for "something different," and determined that there'd be something different for our little daughter, anyhow. She'd never go in the mill. I'd see to that.

Then came unemployment. Terrible years of it. I developed a cough. I don't say too much about why I keep my windows full open at night.

The one bright thing in those awful years is that our little kid has won a county scholarship. She'll be matriculating next year. She may become a teacher. How we pray that she *is* able to become a teacher.

And as for me—well, there's work in the pits again, and I've got one of the jobs. And there'll never be anything different, anything cleaner.

* * *

Yes, as I said, some old chaps who were propping the corner up told me I was lucky I was working again, when I passed them the other day.

I suppose I am. They are among the thousands of old colliers who have just been told that they need no longer regard themselves as unemployed colliers, but as unemployable.

And yet, when I look in our looking-glass, I feel a little bit nervous. I'm not so very much younger than they are. There aren't so many years difference.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Fancy Goods, 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue and guide. Counsell's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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HOUSEWIVES get this Free Cookery Book. Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 33.

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FREE Yeast is supplied with each tin of Vegermalt, with which you can make home beer. Further particulars appear on page 40.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. See page 29.

"Flying-Squads" to SAVE Mothers

"FLYING-SQUADS" to save mothers is the newest movement in the fight against death in childbirth.

The war against maternal mortality demands, as war does elsewhere, organisation, modern equipment, mobility, and speed of attack. The "flying-squad" supplies them.

Already established in three towns in different parts of Great Britain, the success of these special units has been so great that doctors are advocating their adoption by all local authorities.

The service is for emergency cases only and attends to women in their own homes. The cases which call for its assistance are mainly two kinds—shock or hemorrhage. In both death can come swiftly. In both the facilities available in an ordinary home are not adequate to cope with the danger.

Yet to move a patient in that state to a hospital is highly dangerous and in most cases means delay. Delay! When minutes may mean the difference between life and death.

So the hospital, the "flying-squad" is always ready. Alert and swift to get away to the scene of danger as a fire engine.

The outfit is already packed. It consists of two containers. One large drum holds sterilised water, dressings, drugs, instruments. The second, blankets, hot-water bottles, and so on.

Every single article that can possibly be required on the case is there, ready for immediate use. The only thing which has to be done is to fill the hot-water bottles. And that is done while the ambulance is on its way!

A staff nurse—a trained midwife—is detailed to be ready to leave the moment a call is received.

Each hospital has its own special arrangements for transport. Birmingham Maternity Hospital—the latest to install the service—has a special arrangement with St. John Ambulance Brigade.

An ambulance is always available to be rushed to the hospital at any hour of the day or night, pick up the unit and the nurse, and dash to the patient's home.

On the first "call" which Birmingham received (it has been in existence six months) the unit had left the hospital in seven minutes and was beside the patient in twenty. Not bad time for a distance of two and a half miles.

This call came in at 2 o'clock in the morning. The woman who lay dying was the mother of five other children and the wife of a civil servant.

The new baby was alive and robust. But when the doctor attending the mother saw the dangerous change in her condition and knew that it was beyond his skill, he telephoned the hospital.

He asked for the emergency service outfit to be sent at once and gave the name of the specialist he wished to take charge.

Even as the unit prepared to leave a telephonist was ringing up the specialist and giving the patient's address.

In this case the specialist was available. According to plan, he went straight to the sick woman's home, meeting the nurse and equipment there. But, had he not been at home, no time would have been wasted trying to locate him. The next specialist on the list would have been called—and so on until one was found who could leave immediately.

So, in this comfortable middle-class home, a piece of real-life drama was played out. The five children lay sleeping—oblivious of how near they came to being motherless. The husband paced the floor of the living room downstairs, while, for an hour, specialist, doctor and nurses fought a desperate fight.

But by that time the crisis was over—the woman's life saved. And, leisurely now, the "flying-squad" packed itself up and returned to the hospital.

Two months later, this mother, now fully recovered, brought her baby along to the hospital, anxious to show him to the nurses and to express her gratitude for all that the "flying-squad" had done for her.

On every one of the five occasions on which the Birmingham unit has been called out, the mother's life has been saved. In three of those cases the woman would certainly have died without its aid.

Another mother who owes her life to the new service is twenty-seven and the wife of an engineer earning about £3 a week. It was her second baby. When Jimmy, now two years old, was born, there were no complications. But the second baby, a girl, nearly cost her mother's life.

The home was a small tenement up three flights of stairs. The bedroom was so small that there was scarcely room for the "squad" to work. The home itself would have yielded nothing that the doctors needed. It was difficult even to get enough hot water.

But the unit was self-sufficient. For two hours it fought its battle against very bad collapse from shock, following the birth of the baby. And in the end it won.

This new type of maternity service owes its existence to Professor E. Farquhar Murray, of Durham University, whose idea it was. He first advocated it in 1929, but it was not until about fifteen months ago that he succeeded in getting one established in Newcastle at Princess Mary Hospital.

Since then the "squad" has answered twenty calls, many of them in poor homes. Undoubtedly many of those cases would have ended in death except for this modern method of bringing the resources of a well-equipped maternity hospital to the bedside of the patient, instead of taking the patient to the hospital.

For transport Princess Mary Hospital has an arrangement with a near-by taxi rank where there is an all-night service. As soon as a call comes the hospital rings for a taxi and off they go.

Professor Murray can be justly proud of the work which the unit has done. "Undoubtedly," he said, "it is one way of reducing the number of deaths in childbirth. It is, too, cheap to install. The whole outfit costs only about £15.

"The running costs are very low. Scarcely more than the taxi fare to the patient's home. We charge a guinea for the service, but in the case of poor people this, of course, is not paid by them. It is available to all classes."

Although it was Professor Murray who formulated the scheme, the County Hospital, at Bellshill, near Glasgow, was the first to put the plan into practice. This was about six years ago, and since then hundreds of emergency cases have been served.

In this district there has been a drop in the number of maternal deaths since it was introduced. Is any more proof of its success needed?

If three pioneer towns in Great Britain can save the lives of mothers in this way, why are not similar "flying-squads" in service all over the country?

Dr. Topping, the medical officer who was so successful in reducing the death-rate of mothers in Rochdale, says in an article in *Public Health* that "shock and hæmorrhage following difficult labour was by far the commonest cause of death."

That being so, and seeing that an outlay of £15 equips one emergency unit which would save many lives, there is no reason why there should not be a unit in every town.

We learn that the Local Authority of Leicester has under consideration a plan for installing one, and will probably do so in the near future. But four towns for the whole country is not enough. The idea is so good that it should be adopted universally.

Some hospitals have ambulances always ready to race off to a difficult maternity case . . .

Let's hope that the idea will soon be universally adopted

The Human Machine

HOW long did you keep any New Year Resolutions you may have happened to make in a moment of enthusiasm? If it's an embarrassing question, don't bother to think up an answer. It's a thousand to one you didn't keep them a week, anyway!

When you come to think of it seriously, there's not much sense in making a resolution just because there happens to be a certain date on a calendar. January 1 isn't the New Year except as far as dates are concerned.

It would be much better to make new resolutions now, in the Spring, when everything is renewing itself, when the sun is beginning to shine again, the grass is growing again, the sap is rising and the buds are bursting.

But as a matter of fact, the best time to make a new resolution is to-day—and to-morrow—and the day after that. Resolution is something that should be given an airing every day. It's absolutely necessary if it's to have any real effect.

Don't despise making resolutions. You can't really get on without them. They're fuel to the machine, and without them the fires would soon die down. And they're more than that. They're proof that you've been doing some real thinking, that you've been seeing what errors you've made and that you've decided how you can avoid making those same errors in future. Anyone who doesn't make resolutions and who doesn't keep on making them isn't making anything else either. He's gone to sleep.

But each day you wake up and get out of bed is the best day to do it. There never was a better. There never will be a better. To-day's the best day you ever had or are ever likely to have. It's all your very own to do exactly what you like with.

So get busy right away and make some new resolutions. And if you find to-morrow that they weren't the right ones, get busy and make some more!

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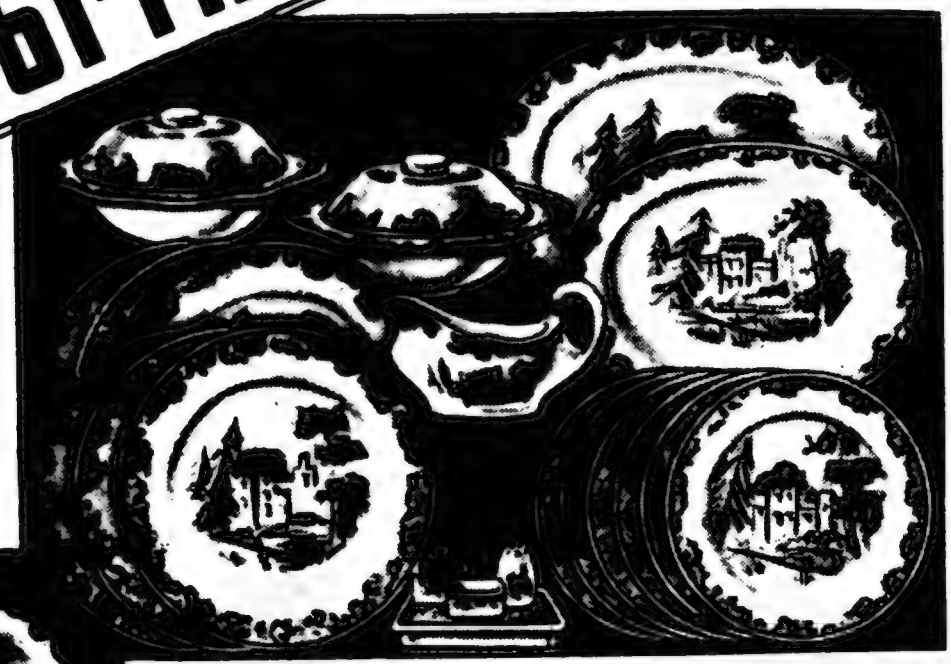

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SWAFFER denounces

OFTEN, when passing Bow Street, and seeing in a courtyard at the side of the world's most famous police court the sign "*Aliens Registration Office*," I re- the many complaints by some American friends of how they have to as though they were unwelcome country.

We all resent, when we go abroad or the need for passports and visas, a relic of wartime conditions.

always notice, if I leave Calais, or or Southampton, Scotland Yard watching every arrival and depar- glancing over the shoulders of the registration officials, on the look-

is a ceaseless search for crooks. In spite of all this, they still come

Indeed, the criminal activities of in Britain present to the police endless series of problems. As one is there is another.

Whether we are accused of hypocrisy the fact remains that there is a standard of commercial morality country than in almost any other in the world—the Scandinavian are an exception to this—and is in consequence a ceaseless war being waged between the police aliens who come here with the intention of trading dis-

Until a year ago, it was comparatively for an alien, no matter how bad his reputation in his own country, in Britain and start a business. of businesses, openly, to trade and then to go calmly into and laugh at his creditors.

★ Often the police would start enquiries, but, by the time they knew enough to apply for a warrant, the criminal had

So long ago, an Egyptian came to and started as a textile mer- He opened sumptuous offices and a name for himself. Then, when had been served on him by credi- whom he owed money for goods they had supplied on credit, and he had sold, he went home to leaving behind him debts of thousands of pounds.

The police applied for a warrant, but never served. He was lost in the Egyptian sands.

For years, long-firm frauds of this type very common. In the textile trade aliens, by obtaining fraudulent robbed wholesalers and manufac- of as much as £700,000 in a year. In consequence, the police used more

A New Catspaw Game

Fortunes Netted for Alien Rogues

However careful the watch, some doubtful characters slip through; then trouble begins for the unwary

rigidly their powers under the Aliens Acts. They kept a more watchful eye on suspicious alien traders.

In different parts of the country, trade protection societies were set up. Scotland Yard and the police forces of the big cities worked more in common. Aliens who formerly had come to England and opened businesses on their own with fraudulent intent found themselves outwitted—but only for a time.

Always, it is a battle of wits between Crime and the police—the finding of a new way by the crook, the checkmating of this by the authorities—and then another artful dodge. Always there is going on a battle between Justice and what is in reality Gangsterdom without guns.

Well, scared for the present at least of trading under their own names, aliens who come here specially in order to conduct fraudulent businesses have now begun to use British subjects as dummies, not appearing themselves, but using catspaws with respectable reputations.

Last year, facts disclosed by actual prosecutions—in each of these cases an alien was in the background—showed that sums running into tens of thousands of pounds were separately involved.

Take one recent case—that of Theodore Kroll, who used the name of "Charles Korbin." After being expelled from England, he quite calmly returned.

Korbin, who called himself a "financier," was concerned in several share-pushing establishments in London with other men, many of whom were Britishers with good reputations.

Learning that "Korbin" was really Kroll, a policeman went to him and said, "Hullo, Mr. Kroll."

"I am not Kroll," was the reply. "My name is Korbin."

Although the police officer persisted that he was really a notorious share-pusher who had no right to be in the country, "Korbin" remained adamant—even defiant.

★ When asked to prove his identity, and pressed to find one reputable person in the whole of the City of London who would come forward and say he was not Theodore Kroll, "Korbin" could not do so. The policeman took him to the police station.

It was a risky proceeding, you may say. In this case, though, the officer was sure of his man. Enquiries made showed that Kroll had an irregular passport. Then the police flashed before "Korbin" a photograph of Kroll.

"Yes, it is a bit like me, I suppose," he said.

Then he was charged.

Kroll, in order to avoid deportation for being in the country without permission and having an irregular passport in his possession played a last card, even in the dock.

He offered from the dock to leave this country voluntarily.

"If he is released from custody," argued the police, "there is nothing to prevent his returning in a few weeks."

But that was true either way. Kroll, or any other undesirable alien, could still come in with a week-end ticket, for which no passport is needed, and probably operate for months before being found out, if indeed he were discovered at all. In that he could go so far as to relieve investors of large sums and then quietly leave the country again, directly complaints started.

Anyway, Kroll was deported. He had been here three times and left three times without molestation. At present he is in Belgium. But there is little or nothing to stop him from coming back again, even now.

The difficulties the police encounter are proved by the case of another American recently in London. Share-pushing was at its height in 1926, when there was such a big round-up by the Home Office, after Scotland Yard men had made enquiries for months, that no fewer than fifty-six share-pushers were rounded up. This man was one of them.

Yet, in a few years, in another name, he was again active in London, with Englishmen acting as his front!

So I could go on with case after case. Usually the facts are the same. Only the names are different.

★ In spite of all that Scotland Yard can do, the use of Britishers as dummies still goes on. In case after case at the Old Bailey, where the wretched dummies—some of them willing conspirators, some of them merely stupid and deluded people—have had to face the music.

Judges and juries have been told, "So-and-So, an alien, was the real brains."

"We took all our orders from him," the prisoners have said time after time. "We didn't know the affair was a swindle until he suddenly disappeared."

Judges are getting tired of hearing this story.

Now for years JOHN BULL has conducted crusades against this sort of thing—share-pushing in all its forms, long firm frauds, fraudulent bankruptcies.

All I can do is to urge every Britisher who is approached by an alien to join him in business to make an enquiry about him to JOHN BULL.

Our dossier is so complete, our knowledge of the underworld so wide and thorough, that we may be able to save from penury, and even from prison, scores of people with good names and with families and with homes that must be saved from ruin.

Politics And You . . . Relic *of the* Past

An attempt is to be made shortly to get Parliament to abolish religious prosecutions in England. It'll make people whistle to hear this. They the struggle for religious liberty on a long time ago: believed everywas both free to hold any views they about God and to express those as others would stop and listen.

This, however, isn't so. Men and women no longer branded with hot irons or at the stake for their opinions on questions, but, under Statutes back to the time of Edward VI, they still, if they aren't careful, lay themopen to a charge of blasphemy or blasphemous libel.

Actually, the law on this matter is in a great state of confusion.

As it stands, a man can attack as offensively as he likes the beliefs of Nonconformists, be derisively insulting about the Jewish Passover Feast or pour blistering scorn on the rites of the Roman Catholic Mass, without incurring any penalty. But if he launches the same kind of attack on the Sacraments of the Established Church he lays himself open to a fine, imprisonment (three years for a second offence) or even corporal punishment. Which, as Euclid said, is absurd.

So absurd in fact, that the law is largely treated as if it weren't there. By common consent, controversy concerning the truths of Christianity is now allowed, however extreme it may be, and action is taken by the Authorities only when the language used is thought to be scurrilous.

Why, then, should anyone bother? Reason is that many people with tidy minds feel that it is bad to have laws which are largely disregarded, while others fear that so long as they *are* there they are a menace to the liberty of the individual, especially the liberty of the poor and uneducated.

An eminent writer to-day can attack Christianity without danger, whilst another, less educated, expressing the same views but more crudely, finds himself under arrest.

Very many great lawyers and statesmen in the past have favoured repeal. If the public is safeguarded against obscenity there seems no valid reason why these relics of a past intolerance should not be wiped off the Statute Book for ever.

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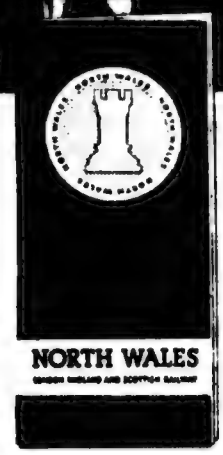

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SHALL *we* FLY *to the* MOON?

WHAT'S in this rocket flight business?

A few days ago in Manchester, a group of youths of average age seventeen, calling themselves an Interplanetary Society, nearly blew themselves to pieces with an experimental rocket. The police stepped in and the youthful chairman of these space pioneers is now nursing damaged portions of his anatomy and awaiting an interview with an inspector from the Explosives Department.

"Ah!" said many people when they heard of the incident. "Just what we thought of this rocket flight nonsense! It's a game either for kids or mentally defective cranks."

But it is not.

The idea of space flight in man-carrying rockets has long passed the Jules Verne fantasy stage. It is engaging the attention of serious scientists—men like Robert Esnault-Pelterie, of France, the great aircraft expert; Profs. Goddard and Sheldon in America, physics directors of the Universities of Rochester and New York; Prof. Oberth, of Vienna; and Dr. Johannes Winkler, of Berlin.

In Britain and Germany scores of scientists and engineers like Mr. Herbert Chatley, Otto Gail, and Max Valier are working on problems of rocket flight.

An enormous volume of scientific literature on the subject is being produced, experiments in rocket construction and propulsion are being conducted all over the world, and hard-headed business men like Rockefeller, Guggenheim and others are supplying scores of thousands of pounds for the work.

☆ ● ☆

Endless tests are proceeding to determine the hazards which passengers and crew will have to face and how human bodies will stand up to the strains. Men are risking their lives in rocket experiments as they did with the early aeroplanes. Young as the science is, the death-roll already reaches a dozen.

One of the medical chiefs of the R.A.F., Group Captain Marshall, stated recently in the *British Medical Journal* that breathing apparatus has now been perfected capable of sustaining men on flights to the moon. The phrase "flights to the moon" is his.

In Germany, tests with centrifugal machines have proved that men can stand accelerations of nearly two miles a minute for as long as nine minutes without ill effects.

The reason for these latter tests is that scientists have shown that the rocket must reach a speed of just over seven miles a second to escape the earth's attraction.

Obviously, to be launched at such a speed would wreck the bodies of the space ship's crew. (You know what it feels like even to go up in a fast lift!)

But by successive explosions they would work up to this speed.

That men unprotected can stand an acceleration of two miles a minute is a further step forward to the practical space journeys. In the actual rockets specially sprung hammocks would take up the balance of the strain.

But the fact that such distinguished names are associated with the work on space flight, and that so much sober scientific experiment is proceeding, should be sufficient to convince most people that the idea of rocket flight has passed the "crank" stage.

As a final example of the names connected with space ship plans: the board of advisers administering the £20 000 given to Prof. Goddard for his work includes such names as Col. Lindbergh, Dr. R. A. Millikan (whose name is often coupled with Einstein in the scientific world), and D. J. C. Merriam, head of the Carnegie Institution.

Also working in the field is Prof. Piccard, the stratosphere explorer. Such men do not associate their names with hare-brained, impractical "bunk."

☆ ● ☆

And there are now nearly a dozen branches of the International Interplanetary Society, mostly engineers and scientists, who are all working out various phases of the thousands of problems involved in rocket flight.

To date the sum spent on world rocket experiments is over £100.000. And there are those dozen lives. . . .

There is nothing to laugh at in this work. If there is, it is in one of the latest steps taken by members of the English branch of the Society. They have got to bring pressure to bear on Parliament this session, because they have discovered that under present British law flights to the moon are illegal!

The explosive fuel used in distance rockets, liquid oxygen-petrol vapour, is forbidden under the Explosives Act. Until they can get restrictions removed they cannot proceed with any worthwhile flight experiments.

If you doubt whether any fuel could get up the enormous speeds required, remember that last year the American experimenters launched Rocket No. 4, which attained a speed of 700 *miles an hour in fifteen seconds*—nearly twice the speed required to carry the rocket beyond the pull of the earth's gravitation.

All these rockets, some costing many thousands to build, are numbered and every available scrap of flight data collected for world use.

If you laugh at all this, remember the people who laughed at the early aeroplane. Remember the man with the red flag who walked in front of motor cars a generation or so ago.

Don't laugh at these early efforts—remember those who laughed at early aeroplanes. Science is sure it can eventually take us to these craters on the moon

Here is a thumbnail sketch of the progress of rocket flight to date—of the problems the scientists have encountered and the conclusions they have reached.

First, the type of rocket has been worked out. Goddard's experiments showed that one built in a series of "steps" or sections is the best.

Each "step" holds a supply of fuel to help the rocket on its journey. As each "step's" supply is exhausted it is automatically cast off, thus lightening the rest of the rocket. A sufficient supply, of course, is held in the main portion to complete the journey and return.

The metals of the shell and fuel chambers, strong enough to withstand the enormous strains set up, are the subject of continual experiments. As also are the fuels which would release enough energy for their weights. All these weights have been worked out.

Speeds and journey times have been estimated. Allowing for all the factors like launching speed, weight of ship and the moon's pull, the rocket scientists have worked out the lunar journey as forty-eight hours!

They draft it as calmly as an airways traffic manager calculates an aeroplane journey from London to Calcutta.

☆ ● ☆

Steering problems have been foreseen. Remember that they would have to aim at a precise point ahead of the moon to reach it. New devices like photo-electric cells are being experimented with for steering purposes.

The effects of outer space on the ship have been foreseen—the meteor streams, the gigantic wind tides which astronomers say exist on the confines of the earth's atmosphere, all of which could destroy or pull the ship off its course.

Scores of other effects they are countering with simple human devices. The weightlessness, for instance, which the crew would experience when their shell reached outer space would be overcome with magnetised shoes holding them down to the metal floor of the ship.

Yet hundreds of other hazards and problems have to be thought out—the effect of the mysterious cosmic rays, for example. We know that these rays can penetrate many feet of lead on earth and in outer space they are enormously intense. What shield could be devised against them?

☆ ● ☆

But all over the world the scientists are thinking out these hazards, not just as a kind of mental exercise, as a fantastic sort of cross-word puzzle, but with a serious practical aim in view of making space journeys.

Esnault-Pelterie goes so far as to say that space flight will be possible even fifty years hence. There are only chains of problems to be patiently worked out. And most, he says, are no worse than pioneer aviators had to solve when they were trying to get a powered machine off the ground and fly a few hundred yards.

The first step, of course, will be mail-carrying rockets, flying, say, from Britain to America, in a long arc through space or the upper atmosphere at 600 miles an hour.

Most of the mail rocket attempts so far have been flascos—but so were the first aeroplane attempts. And the work goes on. After the first successful mail rockets will come the man-carrying machines, and there will be no dearth of volunteers to attempt the first journey. There are always pioneers.

Man has never considered himself more than a temporary lodger on this planet. What more reasonable than that he should take a look at other abodes?

When he succeeds—why, then, even the youths who nearly blew themselves up in Manchester the other day will deserve their little niche in the pageant of man's progress.

Up to the Mark

TWO Cornish fishermen stood on the quay at Newlyn, watching an old steamer ploughing her way along the coast.

"What a wreck!" said one of them. "Rusty, dirty and old as the hills. I'll bet her bottom is nearly ready to drop out—but she's loaded up to the Plimsoll mark all right!"

The speaker forgot his remark—but not so his friend, young Mr. W. J. Pope, 12, Parc Terrace, Chywoone Hill, Newlyn. When he came upon UP TO THE MARK amongst the *Examples* for *Bullets* 1.065th Contest he remembered his friend's words and neatly compressed them into the *Bullet*, UP TO THE MARK—SHIP WASN'T—BUT LOADED. The result was a £25 Third Prize cheque and Coronation Hamper.

Now please turn to page 47, look at the *Examples* for this week's fine *Bullets* Offer and see what they bring to your mind. Phrases you will find there include MAN ON THE THRONE, COMING TO BRITAIN, DILLY AND DALLY, and others just as productive of ideas for good *Bullets*.

There is £500 cash, plus £25 for a day's work, awaiting this week's best *Bullet*—and that effort may well be one of *yours*.

THE NEW
LEVER'S
EASY
SHAVING STICK

The *new* EASY has everything! Increased in size, improved in shape, the quickest, creamiest lather ever . . . yet still only 6d! EASY is *double*-creamy now; see how smooth, clean and speedy are the shaves it gives you . . . how it freshens your skin and leaves it feeling grand. Be sure the new oval EASY Shaving Stick goes on the next shopping list.

Get an Easy today!

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A LEVER PRODUCT

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND!
MY MASTER'S CERTAINLY UNHAPPY THESE DAYS HIS FRIENDS DON'T CALL ANY MORE GUESS I'LL PLAY WITH THIS MAGAZINE.
HERE YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT
HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH SEE YOUR DENTIST" I WONDER
YOU MEAN BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH?
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T PROPERLY CLEANED I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
TWO WEEKS LATER (THANKS TO COLGATE'S)
I WONDER WHAT HAS HAPPENED THIS HOUSE IS SIMPLY OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE NOWADAYS!
AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S.
Now NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel — makes teeth sparkle — gives new brilliance to your smile!

Its beauty is more than tin deep...

THE "Minor tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin takes the strain."

And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

★

The price is 1/- for 30. Give them a trial straight away. They're at all tobacconists.

Ask for a tin of thirty De Reszke Minors

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Round Up the Truant M.P.s!

Empty Benches.— He's caught the Speaker's eye, but where are the members whose duty it is to take part in the debate?

THE House of Commons is now in the first few days of the most momentous session in the history of the present Government.

The Budget is over and you now know in full measure the burdens which all of us are called upon to meet. In just over a fortnight's time will come the Coronation, and, with it, the departure of Mr. Baldwin.

Between now and then, when the captain of the ship of State hands over to his successor, there is some outstanding business to be settled. As serious and important business as any Government has been called to handle in peace time.

Apart from the aftermath of discussion on the Budget, with all its unparalleled expenditure on armaments, there are, to mention only a few measures down for debate: the Old-Age Pensions scheme for "black-coat" workers; the Physical Fitness Bill; the Assistance Bill for the Distressed Areas.

Touch of irony

IN addition, to be read with these, are the Factories Bill, the Slum Clearance Subsidy Extension, School Attendance Act—and further measures like the revision of block grants, the provision of "nutrition services," the insurance of agricultural labourers.

It is a full programme of work, every item of which is vital and urgent. How is the House going to cope with it?

If we are to judge from its performance last session, very few of these measures are going to get very far towards the Statute Book, and Mr. Baldwin is going to leave a packed file full of loose ends in front of the chair at No. 10.

There is quite a touch of irony about the fact that almost Mr. Baldwin's swan-song has been the piloting of the Bill for increasing Ministers' salaries, with its suggestion, in the course of debate, that M.P.s' salaries are also to be increased.

Because what many people want to know is: Are the majority of M.P.s earning even their present £400 a year?

All through last session there was day after day when the bare quorum of forty members was present in the House. That is less than one-fifteenth of the strength of the Commons. On a dozen and more days the benches did not begin to fill until the late evening—ten or eleven o'clock—when Members began to troop in from, presumably, other forms of endeavour or recreation.

"Counted out"

ON seven occasions within four weeks a "count" was demanded in the House because some Member had spotted that the requisite quorum of forty was not present.

On four of those occasions a sufficient number of Members downed forks or glasses and rushed into the Chamber to make up the quorum, and so maintain the discussion in hand.

But on the other three times there were not sufficient Members within the precincts of the House; thus it was "counted out" and all business came to a standstill!

And what were those occasions when M.P.s did not bother to attend to their jobs? Were the subjects too trivial or dull to take up their valuable time. Judge for yourself.

The first was on the Home and Empire Settlement Bill, which aimed to provide training centres here for possible settlers in the Colonies. Most emigration schemes in the past have been defeated because the settlers were untrained. They went from poverty to penury. On the second reading of this Bill, on January 22, the House was "counted out."

It was "counted out" again on January 27, when a motion was being discussed attacking the powers which the Cabinet is taking for itself.

The motion arose out of the Government's "gagging" of Parliament's money powers over the Distressed Areas Bill. You might think that the Commons would be jealous of its immemorial control over the purse of the nation and turn up in force to defend it. But it didn't.

The third "count out" was on January 29, over the Shops Trading Bill, designed to protect the scores of thousands of small shopkeepers against the "uncontrolled establishment of multiple stores." But apparently the House does not bother about the livelihood of small shopkeepers.

The four other important occasions when less than forty members were present, but a sufficient number were scraped up by the Whips to save a "count out," were as follows:

February 1, during the very important debate on Shipping.

Open scandal

FEBRUARY 8, on the £2,000,000 Physical Fitness Bill.

February 9, on the Army Reserve Bill, which seeks to extend Active Reserve service from two to five years.

Lastly, February 19, on the day, a Friday, set apart for Private Members' Bills. (Private members grumble that the Government grabs too much of Parliamentary time. And *that* is how they treat their own day!)

But don't you believe that these other subjects are sufficiently important enough for M.P.s to put in an attendance?

Absenteeism in the House of Commons has this year become an open public scandal. Without any political bias whatever, we can say that the most consistent sinners are among the Conservative back-benchers, among whom are scores who attend only occasionally on the Whips' mandate, to troop once or twice through the division lobbies on some Government matter, and then retire elsewhere.

What are the reasons? Is it a question of "the easy prize, most despised"? Is the last election and the easily-won seat on the "National Government" ticket so far away that there is no need now to bother?

Or is it that Parliamentary procedure, rule of Cabinet and what-not, so operate as to dishearten the "private Member"—making him feel that none of his efforts are worth while.

A bit of both, we think.

As to the latter reasons for the absentees. . . . You elect an M.P. who may go to Westminster with the highest intentions of furthering your local interests and of playing his part in the progress of the nation as a whole.

He soon finds that he has to march exceedingly slowly. If he wishes to sponsor or back new legislation, no matter how important it may be socially, he finds it has to go into the raffle or lottery of Private Members' Bills held at the opening of each Parliament.

Depressing

MEASURES like the Matrimonial Causes Bill, say, and the Sheep Stocks Valuation Bill go equally into the hat. According to the "places" they draw depends their chances of hearing.

As Mr. A. P. Herbert said recently, "It is a striking commentary on our democratic machinery that it depends on a single person's luck whether his Bill ever has a chance of being passed and becoming law."

Of course, this system of drawing for Bills adds a sporting flavour to legislation. You hear one Member say to another at the beginning of the session:

"What position have you drawn, old man?"

"Fifty-second," he replies.

"Oh, hard luck," says the other. "Better luck next year, perhaps."

A Member's luck can be so bad that he *never* gets a chance all his Parliamentary life to put forward a measure—unless he can persuade some luckier Member to take pity on him and surrender a position to him.

When you remember the great record of private legislation in the history of Parliament—more than half the finest reforms on the Statute Book are "private Members" Bills—it seems a little depressing that the possibility of more rest on chances in a lottery.

Perhaps the Members feel that too. And the disheartenment of more is increased when they watch the gradual encroachment of the executive on the powers of the Commons.

They see Statute after Statute deliberately worded so as to prevent the courts afterwards enquiring into the legality of certain sections; instances like the Marketing Board Schemes, Distressed Areas, and Unemployment Assistance, where there is direct rule by Ministers—where enactments are so framed that the Commons must wholly accept or wholly reject and all criticism is stifled.

And they see measure after measure rushed in by the Government a short time before they are due to be discussed so that the House has no time to get familiar with the facts.

With regard to the Commons' most ancient privileges—its control over money the famous Samuel Committee, which issued twenty-six Reports on National Expenditure, pointed out how procedure has clipped these powers and urged more control by the House on Estimates.

One of the Accounting Officers to a Ministry who gave evidence before that Committee blandly stated that "estimates as furnished in the past to Parliament were scarcely worth the paper they were written on."

Is it any wonder that many private Members feel that their work is hardly worth while?

You could not have a better instance of their attitude than at the Budget debate last year when, with the Front Bench packed with Ministers ready to give battle, hardly any Members bothered to come into the House.

A "count" was actually demanded, an unprecedented thing in a Budget debate, and Members came rushing in from the smoke-rooms and bars.

There are too many people ready to sneer at Parliament and to whom this last bulwark of democracy is the great enemy.

Our absentee M.P.s are a ready weapon for the Fascists and Communists in their attacks on our system.

The remedy

THE "gagging" of M.P.s by new rules of procedure may be some excuse for the absentees, but these rules can be fought or amended.

The Chancellor has, in so many words, told the nation to "pull its socks up." We are facing serious times when all have to do their best.

But his remarks might first be addressed to the benches behind him.

The ordinary man's attitude to the absentee M.P.s is simply expressed. He knows that if he does not turn up to a job for which he draws wages or a salary he is soon told that his services are no longer required."

The ordinary man is the voter; he employs the M.P. and pays the £400 a year plus the "rise" which is now expected.

As an employer he has his remedy against the absentee M.P.s at the next election.

Let all of them remember that each further time the House of Commons is "counted out" they bring nearer the day when they will be counted out for good.

What *can* The C

BY A MATCHSELLER WHO W ONCE A MINISTER

● ***This article—the first of a unique series—heralds an earnest endeavour to discover the church's attitude towards present-day problems.***

We approach the subject from the angle of those most likely to be beset by doubts and troubles in our modern world.

They include a blind ex-soldier, an ex-convict, a homeless wanderer, an unmarried mother, and others who echo the plaintive query: "What can the Church do for me?"

Just another match-seller . . .

THREE months ago the Archbishop of Canterbury issued his "Recall to Religion."

You probably heard it. The modern miracle of wireless carried it into millions of homes.

He was making it, he said, not primarily as the chief officer of the Church of England, but as a representative of the Christian life of the nation.

He wanted to arrest a drift, the drifting of people who had at heart some belief in God, some reverence for Christ, some respect for the Christian Faith.

He wanted these vague feelings to be translated into some definite acts of acknowledgment of God. A definite daily prayer, for example. An act of worship in God's home on God's day.

Well, you yourself probably heard those words. Did you find yourself wondering what part the Churches themselves are going to play in this recall?

Did you find yourself wondering about innocent children Churches have refused to baptise; divorced people who, while having at heart "some belief in God, some reverence for Christ, some respect for the Christian Faith," yet feel themselves outcast?

And about determined critics who may yet want to worship; men who don't see why they shouldn't worship in a chapel one day and a church the next.

People who don't consider themselves so very bad, however you might want to view them, but don't want to be judged by outworn codes of conduct; men and women who Life has passed by, and who feel bitter about it.

And the multitudes who have special problems, and feel the Churches would be unsympathetic, even hostile, towards them?

Did you find yourself wondering what the Churches have to offer to *you*?

Well, there is only one way to find the answers to all these questions, and that is by test. This series of articles represents the undistorted results of such a test.

I am finding out what the Churches have to offer by taking to Church, as if in obedience to the Archbishop's call, people with special problems, and then seeing how the Church reacts to those problems.

My investigations began at 7.30 on a recent evening, when I went out into the streets of London to search for a man or woman with a problem.

No need to describe in detail how one man said "the Church can go to hell," and just moved on, a woman who declared that when she wanted help or understanding, the last person she would go to would be a Christian.

These, obviously, were just the people I was wanting, but they were too embittered against Christianity even to give it a hearing.

At last I saw a match-seller with "Ex-Public School, Oxford Graduate" inscribed on his tray. The Church? All he knew about the Church was that the best people were probably outside it.

Would he go along with me to any place of worship we might choose between us? Yes, he would. And so I decided he was just the man I was wanting.

I looked at my new companion as we talked. His clothes were very threadbare. His face looked hungry and disillusioned. Fate was dealing very badly with him, and it didn't take me long to realise that he didn't look on religion as the helping hand it should have been.

When I heard his story I knew why. I don't say his tragedy justified his beliefs. I won't go one iota beyond those words: "I knew why."

John Holliday is his name. He is sixty.

It is true he once passed from public school to university, and that he graduated. He was ordained by the present Bishop of London, and divided his ministry between English parishes and the foreign mission field.

It wa· after eleven years of missionary work abroad that he rebelled against what he thought were the "made-to-measure" doctrines of the Established Church.

He entered the ranks of the Free Church; joined the Army on the outbreak of war; was wounded in 1917; became an acting chaplain to the Forces, and, when the war ended, accepted a church in the north of England.

He was near to being a nervous wreck then. And the war had left many scars. It needed only one more giant hammer-blow to shatter his faith, and that blow fell.

On the death of his son he decided that he couldn't reconcile that cruel tragedy with his idea of a God of infinite mercy. On the day the boy was buried he resigned.

He resigned because he thought he would be an impostor not to do so.

No need to tell of the years of utter penury that followed.

I met him selling matches. And here we were deciding that Balham would be a good district to visit, and that, in view of the fact that he had once turned from the Established to the Free Church, a Congregational Church wouldn't be amiss.

And so, on the following Sunday evening, the two of us found ourselves in that Congregational Church at Balham, South London, where, in sixteen years, the Rev. John Bevan, M.A., has won a reputation as a powerful preacher and, what is more important, perhaps, a very fine, manly and understanding type of man.

Mr. Bevan preached on the Archbishop's "Recall to Religion." I will be quite honest and say that I slipped along in advance and asked if he would do that for me.

There's no need for me to go beyond saying that it was a very fine sermon.

What is more important to this story is that preacher, gutter match-seller and myself met in triangular conference after the service.

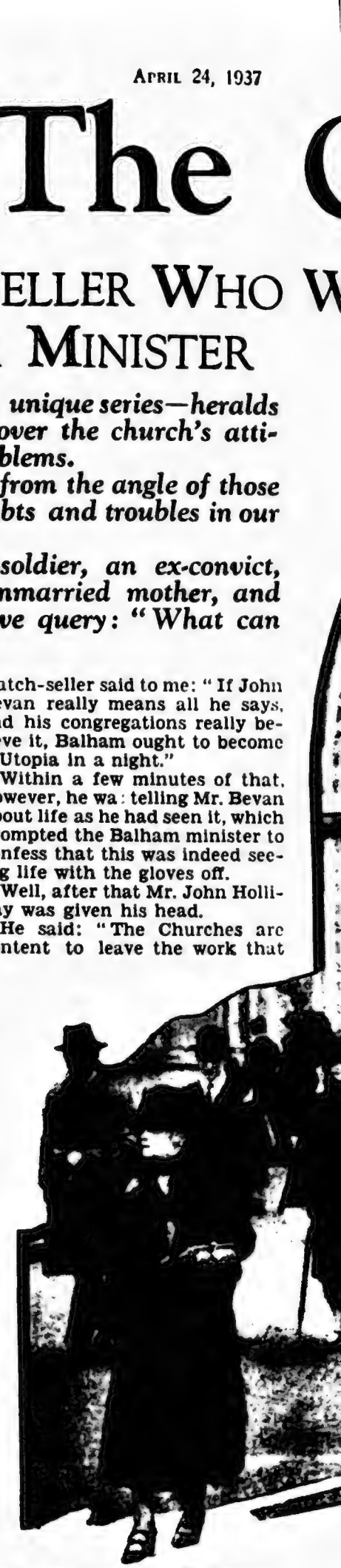
Before we all met my friend the match-seller said to me: "If John Bevan really means all he says, and his congregations really believe it, Balham ought to become a Utopia in a night."

Within a few minutes of that, however, he wa: telling Mr. Bevan about life as he had seen it, which prompted the Balham minister to confess that this was indeed seeing life with the gloves off.

Well, after that Mr. John Holliday was given his head.

He said: "The Churches are content to leave the work that really matters to Parliament. It is impossible to divorce the spiritual side of life from the social. The two are inseparable. And until the Churches as a whole realise that their functions must embrace some practical measures of social ameliorisation, just so long will they continue to be a useless ornament in the social structure.

"Just so long will they be unable to offer anything practical to people who surround me as I sell my matches."



Church Do *for* ME?

"The Churches are keeping only a small minority on the rails. They can't do more until they find a remedy to effect social reform on the lines of practical Christianity"

A moment of silence. Then Mr. Bevan said: "Go on. I don't mind you hitting hard."

Continued the ex-chaplain to the Forces: "Social reform has been leaving it all to Parliamentary legislation while, in reality, it ought to have been the function of the Churches to have prevented the growth of iniquitous social ills and evils which are a disgrace to the whole country.

"It had only got to stick to its bedrock Christian principles to do that."

Mr. Bevan was in agreement with that in some measure.

"The Churches, at the present time, are keeping only a small minority on the rails," he said. "They can't do more, in any effort they might make, until they find a remedy to effect social reform on the lines of practical Christianity."

"But it is a question of conscience," said the ex-preacher. "The trouble is that the Churches have no conscience, or, if they have, don't use it."

Then he told us how, when he was before a medical board recently, one of the examining doctors remembered him from the days of his ministry and asked him why he left the church.

He replied: "Because my conscience wouldn't let me continue." And the doctor answered: "Ah, you can't afford to have a conscience these days."

Mr. Bevan hoped that wasn't too prevalent. His faith in human nature wouldn't let him believe that it was. He realised that a world without conscience would be a world in which Christianity would be as dead as a door-nail, without hope of revival.

But if the thought had crossed our mind at any moment that the parson of the Congregational Church, Balham, would have no place in his church for a man who had renounced a ministry for the gutter, it wasn't realised.

Instead, here was Mr. Bevan saying: "You know, during my sixteen years here I've sometimes reached the depths of despondency at the sheer futility of the Churches in reasonable practical activity.

"One can sometimes see better through another man's eyes. You are showing me, through your eyes, what it is like on the other side of the fence. It pays to know that.

"You have put your conscience first and your pocket last and suffered by your own actions. I don't see what I can condemn in that. There aren't a lot of parsons with conviction like that."

But the ex-chaplain went on relentlessly.

"The Established Church," he continued, "will never 'get there' in the sense that the Archbishop hopes it will, because it is sitting too comfortably behind its vested interests and its financial strength.

"There is need for another Luther, if anyone has the courage to face the persecution he did at the Reformation.

"Why not let one spring up in Balham? It's not impossible."

Mr. Bevan wanted to know how this Luther would begin.

"He must be a man who will throw the fetish of organised religion to the winds, who will set out to develop that inborn sense that the Man in the Street has of love and charity to his fellowmen," replied the ex-chaplain.

"That feeling exists in the world without a doubt, but it is found more often than not among people who never darken the doors of a church."

Hard on Mr. Bevan, you might think. And certainly he stood there confessing that the experience of the interview had almost humiliated him in the light of his own knowledge, a confession which seemed to convey some tacit agreement with the statement that the Churches had failed.

But Mr. Bevan wasn't as helpless as that. Indeed, he showed within the next sixty seconds that not only did he believe in Churches justifying their existence, but that he knew a thing or two about how they could do it.

Smiling over towards us, he said to the ex-chaplain:

"Now, I'm going to arrange for a ministers' fraternal ere in Balham. Will you come and talk to them as you've talked to me to-day? They'll hear something of the other side.

"And will you let them talk to you? There is something to be said for comparing notes. There is something to be said for people outside the Churches hearing those within, and vice versa."

The man who had gone along with me was perturbed at last. "They might not like such plain, unvarnished candour," he said.

"Don't you believe it," said the Balham minister.

And then he shot his second thunderbolt. "Will you preach the sermon in my own church on the very first Sunday evening I can arrange? Come along now!"

And, having recovered from the shock, my friend agreed to do so, stipulating that he couldn't be blamed if he offended the susceptibilities of the congregation.

. . . . .

You may remember, now, the stories that appeared in the national newspapers last week head-lined "Mystery Preacher in Church," "The Unknown Man in the Pulpit," and so on.

The unknown preacher wore a black gown on which were pinned three war medals.

The congregation was strangely moved. Leading members confessed themselves learning truths they had never guessed.

Listening to stories of people who had never been to church, but who "loved their neighbours as themselves," they longed to welcome such people into their own fold—here and there became aware of their own deficiencies.

That church was the Rev. John Bevan's church at Balham, London, S.W., and the preacher the man whom John Bull found in the gutter, keeping his promise.

Yes, the Congregational Church, Balham, had something to offer that man who has suffered so bitterly. What of the other Churches?

We must keep in pursuit of the answer.

Next Week:

An unemployed man's wife asks awkward questions in the vestry about her hungry children

BEHIND THE CORONATION SCENE—3

KING who Wouldn't Sit DOWN!

Edward I was the king, and on the left is the throne—still used for Coronations, which he had made because the stone, now beneath it, was too cold!

WHAT concentrated history there is in the Coronation service.

As yet we have only dealt with the first eight minutes of it. Time for the King and Queen to step from the tumult of the streets into the calm of the Abbey.

We have seen them walk to their faldstools to the singing of a mighty choir, sink to their knees for a moment in private prayer, and be presented for recognition—this is a relic of ancient Druidical Coronations—to representatives of their people set at four points of the compass.

How we have had to range over the centuries to explain that small fraction of the ritual!

But soon we shall have to deal with still more ancient rites. We shall have to go back as far as the days when Jacob slept on a pillow of stone and dreamed of a ladder that led to Heaven. Coronation research keeps you jumping about the ages.

To begin with, the Coronation service may be said to be older than the monarchy itself. It can be traced as a service back to the ninth century, and the earliest inspirations of it are lost in the mists of antiquity.

Consider the various sections of it. The anointing—which means the consecrating of the King, and investing him with the care, protection and supervision of his Church—has from the very earliest days of kingship, which bridges back through at least eleven centuries, been regarded as a central feature of the ceremony.

There follows the presentation of the Spurs and Sword. Those, with the two sceptres, symbolise the rule of justice, equity and mercy, and are intended to recall the days of chivalry.

The Homage, which follows the Inthronisation, when Bishops, Princes and Nobles render to the King their promise of service in return for the lands or privileges he may grant them, recalls the feudal ages.

But oldest of all——

Well, it came to pass in the time of Moses the Lawgiver that Pharaoh Orus ruled over Egypt, and in his court was one Gathelus, son of a King of Athens, a young man who married the Pharaoh's daughter by the name of Scota.

Moses told Gathelus of a wonderful Stone of Luz, supposed to be possessed of supernatural power, and which was described as the very "pillow of stone" on which the patriarch Jacob had slept when he dreamed of the ladder to Heaven.

The story so impressed Gathelus that he and Scota secretly seized the stone from its hiding-place in the Israelite quarter of the city and—putting their children and retainers and the fateful stone on board a small fleet in the Nile—slipped quietly by night into the Mediterranean.

At length they brought the stone to rest at Brigantium, on the coast of Spain. There one generation of Gathelus and Scota after another ruled and fulfilled the prophecy:

Except old sawes do faile
And wizards' wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign
Where they this stone shall find.

In the seventh century before Christ the descendants of Scota again set sail with their stone, which finally came to rest on Ireland's Tara Hill, where it remained a full thousand years.

Treat the story of this stone being used as Jacob's pillow as a legend if you will. Certainly the history of Lia Fail, as the Irish called it, can be traced with certainty from the time it rested at Cashel Cathedral as the coronation seat of the kings of Munster.

A famous fighting Scotsman named Fergus drew down upon his fiery head all the Irish curses known at that time by taking Lia Fail to his capital at Dunstaffnage, where he and his descendants used it for their coronations.

In the course of time Kenneth II became King of all Scotland and had the Stone of Destiny removed to Scone for his crowning.

And then Edward I of England came to Scotland, saw the stone, liked it, and for no other reason brought it to Westminster in 1296, where it became a regular part of the royal regalia.

Edward refused to sit on the stone itself for the same reason that you might raise—the possibility of a chill—and ordered that a special throne be made with a receptacle under the seat for the stone.

The job cost him £7. The chair was the pride of his heart—although it isn't difficult to imagine what he would think of it now that generation after generation of vandals have carved their initials on it.

Anyhow, it has always been a grievance of the Scots that the legend, "Where this stone is found a Scottish king shall there be crowned," should have been broken, the more particularly as Irish antiquarians to this very day demand that Scotland should undo a wrong by returning the stone to its rightful country!

You wouldn't think it any more interesting than the stone slab of an ordinary builder, if you saw it to-day. A cross is inscribed at each corner—but such decorative work is easy. Then there is a ring at each end—it is ordinary common-sense to provide a heavy stone that has been much moved with a means of carrying like that.

Anyhow, every monarch except one since the day when it was brought to London has been anointed and crowned on King Edward's chair. Mary was the exception. Being a Roman Catholic, she insisted on a special chair that was made for her and anointed by the Pope.

And fortunately for us, seeing that the Protector destroyed nearly everything else in the royal regalia, Oliver Cromwell had a soft corner in his heart for this ancient piece of masonry.

On his inauguration as Lord Protector he insisted on his elevation taking place on Lia Fail. So the chair was taken to Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony took place.

And now, on May 12, the attention of five continents will centre on that chair. . . .

As the words of the Recognition die away, trumpets will ring out a brazen challenge over the old stone. There will be scarcely more than a stir as the Bishops who have borne them in procession place the Bible, Paten and Chalice on the altar.

Any Bible will do for the Coronation ceremony. There is a certain incongruity about that.

Then all the rest of the Regalia except the swords will be tendered by the Lords who have borne it to the Archbishop, who will hand it in turn to the Dean of Westminster, who will place it on the altar. The events in the Coronation theatre will become more noticeably picturesque with each moment.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will move from a chair of purple velvet to stand before the King. The Bishop of Durham will stand at his right hand; at his left, the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Lord Great Chamberlain. Two Bishops detailed will stand on either side of the Queen.

All will be ready for the oath-taking.

"Sir," the Archbishop will begin, "is your Majesty willing to take the oath?"

And the King will reply: "I am willing."

What a comprehensive oath it is!

"Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, of your Possessions and the other territories to any of them belonging or pertaining, and of your Empire of India, according to their respective laws and customs?"

"I solemnly promise so to do."

"Will you to your power cause Law

(Continued on page 28)

Blackcurrant! Sharp—yet so sweet and soothing! And among the many real-fruit flavours in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles it's that *real* blackcurrant flavour you find — next to lime, lemon, tangerine, apricot, strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry!

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WOMEN GIVING UP SLOW WASHING METHODS; GET DAZZLING WHITE WASH!

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE! EVER SEEN A WHITER, CLEANER BATCH OF CLOTHES? NO, OF COURSE NOT! WELL, THEY WERE PUT INTO THE COPPER IN LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS BROUGHT TO THE BOIL SLOWLY, AS USUAL. THEN BOILED FOR 2 MINUTES. THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ALL!

Stop! ... You can stop boiling your clothes for 30 or 40 minutes. Save time! Save fuel! Give your whites the Rinso 2-minute boil. Put them into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Bring them to the boil slowly, as usual. Then in 2 minutes they will be sparklingly white.

D'YOU WANT YOUR COLOUREDS TO COME UP BRIGHT AS NEW? GIVE THEM THE RINSO 12-MINUTE SOAK. IT WORKS WONDERS. NO RUBBING AND SCRUBBING. NO TIRESOME WASHING THROUGH! JUST A QUICK 12-MINUTE SOAK IN HAND-HOT RINSO SUDS — YOUR CLOTHES WILL BE SPARKLING!

Look! ... Look at your coloureds as soon as you've given them the Rinso 12-minute souk. They'll be brilliant. You won't need to rub them hard at all! No more of that tiresome bending over the washtub! You'll find your clothes stay brighter! And you yourself will feel as fresh as a daisy!

THEY'RE DAZZLING! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO LOVELY!
AND OUT TO DRY SO SOON! AND I'M NOT HALF THROUGH WITH MY WASHING YET!
JUST LISTEN TO MY NEIGHBOURS! THEY'RE GREEN WITH ENVY. THEY'LL TRY OUT THE RINSO METHODS THEMSELVES, NEXT WASHDAY, THAT'S SURE!

Listen! ... Listen to what the neighbours say when they see your clothes hanging out to dry. They'll be full of praise! You'll love it! And you'll enjoy all the free time you'll get by washing your clothes the quick, easy Rinso way!

CLOTHES-LINE BRILLIANT—FUEL SAVED—NO HARD RUBBING WHATEVER

Clothes out to dry hours sooner!

WOMEN are wondering how on earth they managed to get along with their old-style washing methods. Now that they're trying out the new rapid Rinso methods, they go so far as to say that they wouldn't return to their old ways of washing for "love or money!"

And this is not surprising. For with the Rinso 2-minute boil and the Rinso 12-minute soak, women can spare themselves all scrubbing and hard rubbing, yet have a brilliant clothes-line out to dry far sooner than ever before.

Besides, Rinso saves at least half an hour's fuel every washday by getting clothes brilliantly clean in 2 minutes at the boil. Rinso forms a thick, lasting lather that can be used more than once! Rinso does the entire wash alone and unaided. You needn't waste money on bar soaps, flakes, or any other washing powder to use with it.

Make this test! Get Rinso. Give the dirtier things the Rinso 2-minute boil and the other things the Rinso 12-minute soak. Give the silks and woollens a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. See how much faster and more easily your work is done, and how much cleaner and brighter everything is! Rinso costs only 3½d., 6d., or 10d. a packet.

IMPORTANT

DON'T be misled about "extra" whiteness in washing clothes. For safe washing, avoid using any product with a strong bleaching or whitening action.

Rinso gets clothes brilliantly white and clean in a safe, natural way. No mixing is necessary, and no mistakes occur because there are no destructive chemicals in it. Rinso won't harm fast colours, fabrics or hands.

2 minutes' boiling or 12 minutes' soaking— that's all it takes with

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NOW is the time to condition your dog—to cleanse his blood of all the impurities which have collected as the result of richer feeding and lack of exercise during the winter. If you neglect to help him now, the first spell of warm weather will aggravate these impurities and lead to a succession of miserable blood disorders, such as continual scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema, and swellings between the toes.

All he needs is a spring-conditioning course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives that a dog in his wild state would find for himself in certain herbs and grasses. For forty-five years experienced people have given their dogs this springtime course — three Bob Martin's a day for a week.

Don't risk your dog's health any longer. **Every day as the sun grows warmer, his danger becomes greater.** Get a packet of Bob Martin's NOW. You can get them for 6d. and 1/- from all chemists and dog shops.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
for better health, better coat, better spirits

Continuing—Behind the Coronation Scene

'Receive this Kingly Sword . .'

The Court of Claims in session to decide who is entitled to hold certain Coronation offices. The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, is second from the left, Lord Hewart on the extreme right

and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

"I will."

"Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel? Will you to the utmost of your power maintain in the United Kingdom the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established in England? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?"

"All this I promise to do."

And then the King shall rise with the assistance of the Lord Great Chamberlain and follow the Sword of State to the altar.

In the old words of the service he will "make his solemn Oath in the sight of all the People to observe the premisses."

He will kneel on the altar steps as the Bible is brought from the altar and held before him by the Archbishop. Then, placing his hand on the gospel, he will say:

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

Those will be the last words the King will be called upon to remember in the course of the whole ceremony. His actual crowning will be carried out without a spoken response. From when he enters the Abbey to when he leaves, he is expected to utter only thirty-four unprompted words. Apart from repeating a Declaration prescribed by Act of Parliament word for word after the Archbishop, he will not speak again.

But not all monarchs have remained so silent during the ceremony.

Queen Victoria interposed little prayers that were obviously spoken from the depths of her heart. King George I didn't understand English, and that, due to his Majesty's anxiety to know what was going on, caused something akin to pandemonium at various stages of the ceremony.

Unfortunately for him, few of the people round him could speak German. In desperation he turned to Latin, demanding from the ministers round him that they should tell him what to do and what it all meant.

Their command of Latin, unfortunately, was not of the best, so the King grew more and more irate. It was scarcely to be wondered at that certain notabilities left the Abbey with the story that bad language had passed between the King and his ministers.

But to return to King George VI's oath-taking: His Majesty will kiss the Bible and sign the Oath and return to his chair for the beginning of the Communion Service.

The King will rise from his devotions, take off his Cap of State, permit the Lord Great Chamberlain to disrobe him of his crimson robe, and then make for St. Edward's chair, with its stone of such remote antiquity.

It will be one of the most wonderful moments of all as he sits in it. Four Knights of the Garter will hold over him a rich cloth of gold made of one of the most costly fabrics ever woven—a reminder of the days when anointing had to be done in secret.

The Dean of Westminster will raise from the altar the Ampulla and Spoon.

Legend says of this same Ampulla that the Blessed Virgin appeared to St. Thomas of Canterbury, Thomas à Beckett, and gave him it.

We have shown the importance of the Ampulla in the service. We have pointed out that the form of service begins with the words:

"In the morning upon the day of the Coronation early, care is to be taken that the Ampulla is filled with oil."

There will have been no mistake. As the Dean tilts the vessel, a trickle will pour into the spoon. The anointing will be due to begin

The Archbishop will dip a finger into the liquid, and will inscribe a cross on both palms of his Majesty's hands, with the words: "Be thy Hands anointed with holy oil."

He will anoint the breast, saying: "Be thy Breast anointed with holy oil."

Then the crown of the head, and the words: "Be thy Head anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests and prophets were anointed."

For many centuries an oil known as chrism was used, a mixture of oil and balsam, supposed to be of supreme sacredness. To-day, ordinary olive oil—duly consecrated, of course—is used.

Then the significance of this part of the ceremony is not the same to-day. On May 12 it will emphasise that the new King has been admitted to a sacred as well as a civil office.

Before the Reformation this supreme act of anointing with holy oil was believed to convey a special sanctity to the sovereign and place him as one apart from his people.

By virtue of the holy oil, every consecrated king was admitted as a canon to some cathedral church. Before the oil touched him he represented the "accepted of the People"; after, he became the "Lord's anointed."

Just what that meant to such religiously minded monarchs as Edward the Confessor can be imagined. He claimed for all anointed kings the miraculous power of healing sickness by touch, which is the origin of "touching" for the King's evil—a disease known as scrofula, and treat accordingly.

This anointing was also responsible for the theory so disastrous to the house of Stuart—the theory of the Divine Right of Kings. Most people alive to-day have seen history repeat itself. The last monarch who believed in that Divine Right was the ex-Kaiser.

No sooner will King George rise from his knees after the anointing than he will be clothed in his Royal and priestly robes.

First the Colobium Sindonis, a surplice without sleeves, made of the finest white cambric. The ancient priests always wore that vestment.

Next the Supertunica, a close-fitting surcoat with sleeves of cloth of gold. A girdle of gold supports a buckle of gold, which awaits a sword.

Next the Armill, a cloth of gold lined with crimson, that is placed round the neck. The origin of that can be traced to days before the Christian era dawned.

And, finally, the King will be invested with the Pallium, a mantle in the form of a cope of purple and gold brocaded tissue, fastened at the neck with a broad clasp of gold, and with a train that stretches a foot on the ground.

Then the Great Spurs will be brought from the altar, and the Lord Great Chamberlain will touch the King's heels with them. The Sword Bearer will place the Sword of State on the altar that it may be blessed, even as of old a knight's arms were blessed.

And then, to quote the old ritual: "And then shall the Archbishop take the Sword from off the Altar and deliver it unto the King's right hand . . . and the King holding it, the Archbishop will say:

"'Receive this kingly Sword, brought now from the Altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us, the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy.

"The King standing up, the Sword shall be girt about him, and then, the King sitting down, the Archbishop shall say:

"'With this Sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order. . .'

"Then the King, rising up, shall ungird the Sword."

Now will come a quaint ceremonial.

The King will offer up his Sword up in its scabbard. The peer who carried it in the procession shall offer the recognised price of it, which is one hundred shillings. Having thus redeemed it, he will take it from the Dean.

Slowly he will draw the shining blade from its scabbard, to carry it naked before the King throughout the rest of solemnity.

A few more minutes, and he will be holding it before the King at that great culminating moment described in the old words of the service as "The Putting On of the Crown."

Next week the great culmination moment, with all its historical significance, will be described in the concluding instalment.

Before then, look out for a Coronation event of great importance.

On April 28 the official programme will be on sale. The King has approved it, the Duke of Gloucester writes the foreword, the Poet Laureate contributes a Coronation poem, and—interesting to JOHN BULL *readers—the late John Drinkwater is represented by an unforgettable article.*

There are full and official details of the procession and the Coronation service. The standard edition at 1s. is a work of art. The de luxe edition at 2s. 6d. you will never allow to go out of your family.

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When Bobby and Beryl were about as old as this, they somehow turned against milk.

What fusses and faces there always were, Bobby saying he wouldn't drink the horrid "tuff." Beryl too. Mother insisting because she knew that they would never have round cheeks and sturdy legs and bright eyes unless they got lots of milk.

So in the end Mother played a little trick on them. She gave them Nestlé's Milk spread on bread and sometimes on a biscuit. She calls it 'cream jam' and in this way Bobby and Beryl get plenty of milk in the safest form in which you can give milk to any little boy and girl.

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FRONTIER that Never SLEEPS

Police out on patrol on the North-West Frontier. They need their fixed bayonets there!

WITH the killing of seven British officers and twenty-two other ranks in Waziristan the other day, events along the grim North-West Frontier are moving to a climax.

Four times this year have the fanatical tribesmen followers of the hot-headed young Fakir of Ipi sniped and killed British troops.

In the last two attacks alone, which both took place in ten days, our casualties have been eleven white troops and forty-one Indians killed and a total of seventy-eight wounded.

So Tommy Atkinses to the number of 30,000 move up-country into the fray.

The Worcesters, the famous Border Regiment, the 3rd Carabiniers, the mountain battery brigades of the Royal Artillery are on the move: the Highland Light Infantry are swinging through the rugged fastnesses of Waziristan.

This year, as last year, the thousand-year-old story of the Mahsuds, the Wazirs, and the red-bearded Afridi tribesmen is being retold. Convoys raided, caravans sacked, villages plundered. The tribal belt between British India and Afghanistan is the danger zone.

Wives, relatives and friends whose menfolk may be serving in India scan the home newspapers eagerly for tidings of the frontier that never sleeps.

Meanwhile, at Rawalpindi, at Lahore, Risalpur and Nowshera, battalions and brigades are on the move. Troop-trains are leaving for Razmak and Kohat. A company of tanks takes the new road up the Gomal River Valley, a squadron of scouting aeroplanes roars over the ragged ramparts where the river Indus has its source.

Waziristan is but the size of Wales, a mere spot of rugged grandeur at the foot of the giant Himalayan range. But within four-and-twenty hours, given the least excuse or incentive, more than 30,000 well-armed tribesmen pour through the passes and the valleys from tribal territory to raid the peaceful villages of the British-controlled N.W. Frontier proper.

It is just this ever-present possibility that keeps our frontier forces on their toes.

The tribesman is a born fighter, no mean adversary. He has fought through the generations since Alexander the Great invaded India through the North-West passes two thousand years ago.

He will never cease to fight. He values his independence more than he values his life. Offer him a rifle or a bag of gold, and he chooses the rifle every time. For, with a rifle, he knows he can get all he requires from life.

He lives in a perpetual state of warfare among inhospitable ridges and rock-bound valleys, raiding the more industrious plainsmen for his needs. From his impenetrable fastnesses he looks down on fertile valleys that lure him.

Thus, Tommy Atkins in India finds himself sooner or later either on or near the North-West Frontier. It may be at Sandi-Votal (handy for the famous Khyber Pass), or it may be at Kohat or at Razmak.

Loyal Sikhs, warrior Ghurkas, picturesque Bengal Lancers, are his daily companions. With the Wana Brigade at the moment there is a battalion of modern tanks. There is a squadron of the R.A.F. at Miram Shah, and another at Manzai.

Fighter planes zoom over deep ravines and nullahs where a landing is impossible the pilot with his weather-eye open for the finest marksmen in the world. Armoured cars and tanks patrol when and where they can be used, but with the knowledge that "This is the Frontier."

The crew of one armoured car not long ago paid the penalty for forgetting that axiom. It ran into a band of tribesmen and was surrounded. The car broke down and was set alight, roasting at least one soldier alive!

Tommy Atkins, on duty on the outposts where gaunt mountain ranges tower over bleak plateaux, with the Hindu Kush thrusting snow-clad peaks into the skies beyond, goes on guard with a loaded rifle, sleeps with it by his side, slipped into a pocket in his blanket.

He knows the Wazir and the Afridi weakness for modern firearms, and vigilant is his watch. Duty on the Frontier means a continuous round of picquets, patrols and sentry-go.

The smaller the force, the harder the work. The less regular the supply of necessaries brought by the columns that wind their way to the mountains.

Here and there along the winding paths by which mountain batteries of artillery—wheels, guns and limbers slung on mules—ascend from one outpost to another, are plaques on the cliff walls telling of ambush and death by riflemen who never miss.

Bitterly cold in winter, sweltering hot in summer, rugged and forbidding all the year round, inhabited by warrior tribes dwelling in secret places—that is the North-West. Films have been made that afford some idea of the vastness of it all, but they give to it a perverted sense of romance, and the Hollywood conception is not the Frontier that Tommy Atkins knows.

Ask a trooper of the 13th 18th Hussars stationed at Risalpur, or the (First in India) Dorsets, stationed alongside the Duke of Wellington's Regiment at Kohat, with Waziristan just around the corner!

It was from Kohat that Miss Molly Ellis, the daughter of an Indian Army officer, was kidnapped back in 1921 when her mother killed outright, she was rescued after some days by Captain Harold Starr, who was decorated for bravery.

Yet the tribesmen spared the beautiful young woman they carried off to their mountain stronghold! Pitiless, merciless, yet chivalrous to women are the traits of the Wazirs and Mahsuds.

It is the Wazirs and the Mahsuds who are making mischief now, and Major-General de Burgh has taken over command of 30,000 men in order to drive them back to the mountains.

A stern job for Tommy Atkins, for the Sepoys and Ghurkas armed are marching with their backs to the enemy and their faces turned towards the mountains.

Wireless telegraphy has come to enable the commander to keep his outguards and his advance guards in touch with the main body, but the hillmen yet sends news and reports flashing from hilltop to hill station.

Night time is the worst, for then the tribesmen emerge from their hiding places, watching for a move, the least flash of light a target for an unerring weapon. It is then they get into positions in readiness to snipe when the first ray of dawn brings *reveille* pealing through the camp.

Throughout the night, at frequent minute intervals, come challenging cries as each sentry shouts the number of his "post," with the reassuring "All's well." Any gap in this verbal chain can only indicate only one thing—mishap to a sentry! And that, on the Frontier, usually means a knife in the back!

From the battlemented tower in the centre of the hill fort, a lamp signals the message that the columns on the line march have reached Wana. A patrol of armoured tanks are out on patrol, and a pair of reconnoitring aeroplanes are overhead, the dawn has come.

So life on the Frontier goes on. . .

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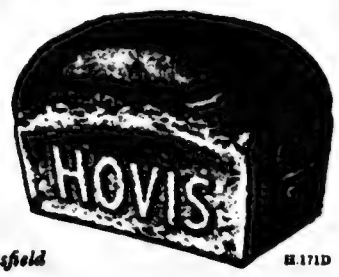


Macclesfield H.171D

ALPINE Ghost

'My Big Story'

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 315,358, Mrs. G. Wales, 123, London-road, Romford, Essex.

SOME years before I was married I was employed as a nursery governess to a wealthy lady. I had two children to look after and teach. For the most part we were travelling. In the three years I was with this lady, I visited most European countries.

Although I was invariably encountering adventures, the one that stands out most vividly in my memory was my meeting with a young man in Switzerland.

During the day I used to give the children their lessons, and at night, when they were safe in bed, I had the time to myself.

It was in the second week in Switzerland that I met the young Englishman at a dance.

When I first saw him, he struck me as a person who had something grave on his mind.

The dance was held in the ballroom of another hotel. I had gone there alone.

I saw the young man come in the main entrance, and look around as if he were expecting to see somebody. For a few minutes he lingered at the entrance, uncertain whether to stay or go. Then our eyes met. At this time the band started to play a fox-trot. When I saw him coming towards me I was pleased.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked.

"Thank you," I replied, and stood up.

FOR a few minutes we danced in silence. I had a feeling that his mind was miles away.

"Have you been here long?" he asked at last.

"Only a few days," I told him.

"Here on holiday?"

"Unfortunately, no. I'm working here."

This seemed to surprise him.

"I thought everybody here was playing," he said.

"What are you doing here?" I ventured.

"I came over here to forget," he answered. "But you can't do that; you can't run away from yourself." He laughed cynically.

"Have you ever tried to run away from yourself?"

I told him that, so far, I had not.

"It's a crazy thing to do," he went on. "But there it is. We are all more or less crazy."

We sat out the next dance. While we did so he told me something of his past. It was the old story of father and son not seeing eye to eye. When he had left public school, his father had wanted him to go into his business. The boy, however, had other ideas—he wanted to go abroad. Despite protestation from his family, he had done that.

On his return, however, he found that his father was seriously ill. Within a fortnight he was dead. His elder brothers had meanwhile taken over the business. They were not pleased with their wandering brother. Differences arose; they parted.

With the money left to him by his father, he had started a business. After a year of hard work, this began to flourish. A few years later he was doing extremely well.

He bought a car, rented a flat in the West End of London. With this prosperity came gaiety. He entertained on a large scale; he could be seen at fashionable restaurants, and inevitably he fell in love.

He showed me a photograph of the girl. She was a beautiful brunette. He had met her at a party given by a theatrical celebrity. She was striving to obtain fame on the stage, he said.

Jealous of her ambition, he had tried to persuade her to give up her career and marry him. But she would not listen. This ended in a quarrel.

With this he had left her. For weeks he sulked. Then he began to regret that he had acted as he had. To make amends, he bought her a handsome present.

Arriving at her flat late one night, he was appalled to find another man there. There was a terrible scene, resulting in the young man running away. That was why he was in Switzerland.

The next day while I was out with the children, I saw him again. He seemed to be much more high spirited than on the night before.

"Hello," he greeted me. "I'm just going for a walk up there." He indicated the mountains which towered magnificently into the sky. They looked their best on this morning with the snow glistening in the warm sun.

"Do you know," he went on, gazing up at the mountains, "there is something very alluring about those mountains. Since I've been here they've had a strange fascination for me."

He glanced down at me and smiled.

"You'll probably think me mad when I tell you that last night as I lay in bed I heard a voice that seemed to come from the mountains. It was the voice of Mary—the girl I told you about. I rather think she's come over here."

There was a strange note in his voice. It seemed as if he really believed what he was saying, yet I felt that he was only fooling. Assuming that his girl was in the mountains, it seemed inconceivable that her voice would carry to his hotel bedroom.

They found the body at the bottom of the gulch . . .

After he was gone I was overcome with uneasiness. I felt that he was quite normal, that he had permitted his trouble to play on his mind. It was with considerable relief that I saw him coming into the hotel in the evening.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "it was very disappointing. I half-expected to see her."

"You're not really serious?" I said.

He frowned in marked disapproval.

"Why shouldn't I be?" he asked pugnaciously. "If I hear her to-night," he proceeded, "I shall go up and find her."

That night I discussed the young man with my employer. She appeared to treat the matter lightly.

"He's like most young men in love," she said. "He'll soon get over it."

THE next day I did not see him at breakfast. He was absent at lunch, too. By dinner time people were whispering that he was missing. Before the night was out it was decided to send out a search party for him.

Feeling that I might have taken too much for granted about what he had told me, I thought it best not to mention our conversation.

About lunch-time the following day the search party returned, carrying the young man's body. They had, I learned, found it at the bottom of a gulch. Examination of the ground seemed to point to his having slipped and fallen to his death.

But I have a feeling that he went out that night with the intention of taking his life. Or he may have been suffering from hallucinations and really believed that his ex-fiancée was in the mountains. Whatever the explanation, the tragedy will remain for ever in my memory.

The Verdict

"I DON'T know what it is, but my throat does seem funny this morning," a Midlands housewife told her husband.

"And so does mine," he replied. "It'll probably pass off during the day."

But that's where he was wrong. Before the day was out they were both confined to their home while two swabs were being rushed away for examination.

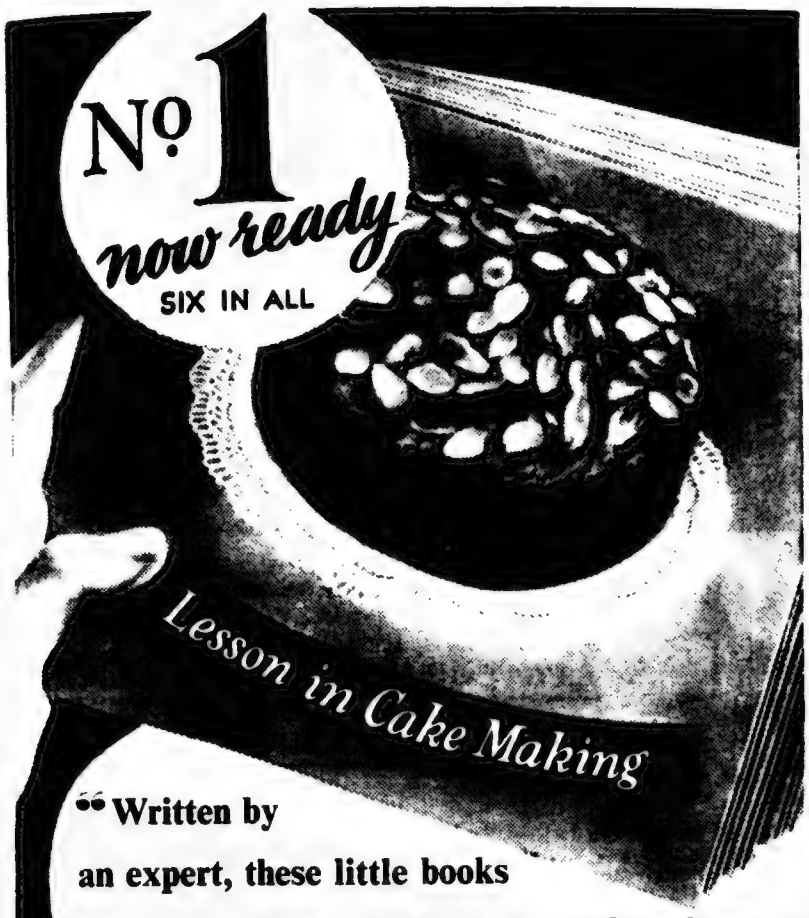
And soon the verdict came back: "Diphtheria."

It proved a very expensive time. With the breadwinner and the wife who normally tends the house down with illness, it becomes a question of vastly increased expenses at a time of reduced—if not vanished—earnings.

When a cheque from JOHN BULL arrived in respect of the illness of both of them—under our unique Free Family Insurance Gift we pay *double benefit* for husband and wife—the husband wrote and told us it was a lucky day when he registered as a reader of JOHN BULL. "This money has come at the time of our greatest need."

In case you don't know, Sickness Benefit is only *one* of many the scheme provides, and registration entails no more than your signature on a coupon which appears on page 46 of this issue. Why neglect an obvious duty to yourself and your family?

Fitness through the forties



"Written by an expert, these little books give just those hints and explanations so often lacking in ordinary cooking books"

says Miss Lilian Mattingly, the cookery editor of MODERN HOME

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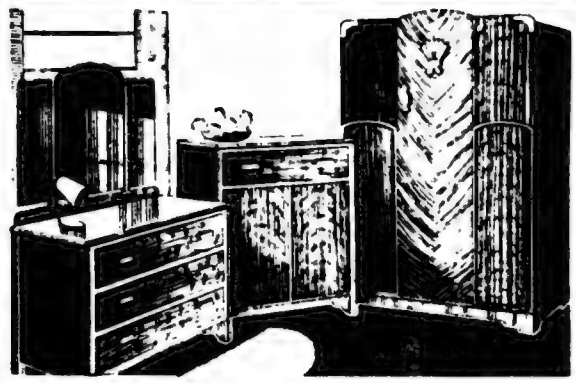
JAY'S CROWNING VALUES



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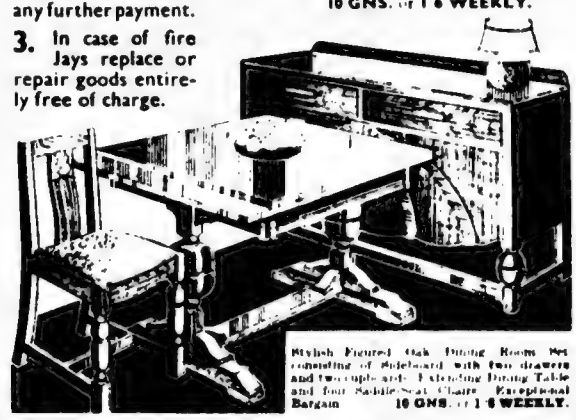

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SPRINGTIME FITNESS FOR YOU

The Spring! What a glorious time of the year! All nature is awakening to life after its winter sleep and everyone of us in normal health shares in the joyous urge. Longer days and a soft caress in the air, make us eager to work off pent-up energy in outdoor recreations.

And yet so many are unable to enjoy to the full this reawakened activity. They feel off-colour, listless.

Do you know why people have this tired feeling in Spring? It is simply an accumulation of acid in the system. The heavy foods of Winter, confinement in hot stuffy rooms, and the lack of exercise, all help to create an excess of acid and make the blood sluggish.

The remedy is pleasant and simple. Just go to your chemist and purchase a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia,' or if you prefer a handy tablet form ask for 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets.

All of us feel better at this time of the year if we take an antacid — and the antacid most acceptable to the human system is 'Milk of Magnesia.' It purifies the blood, banishes headaches and lassitude and effectively eliminates the accumulated poisons from the system. It imparts the clearness of health to the eyes and complexion and increased vigour to body and brain.

Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity) Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS 1/- *per box, and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use.*

JB

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JB **10,000 DOCTORS recommend amazing NEW formula for CATARRH**

When you've got Catarrh and can't breathe —when your nose is stuffed up and your head is throbbing—it is then this new remedy offers you immediate relief. It is not a tablet nor yet an inhalant, but a bland liquid compound with amazing curative powers. The seat of all catarrhal infections and cold germs is in the *cavities* behind the nasal passages that lead to the throat. A few drops of this soothing compound 'NEMAKOL' dropped into the nose with a special dropper penetrate almost imperceptibly right to the seat of the trouble and, unlike an evaporating inhalant, stay there until their germ-killing work is done. And then in less than a minute you can breathe easily again. Get a bottle of 'NEMAKOL' (remember the name) from your Chemist to-day (price 1/6d); it means sudden death to all colds and catarrh germs.

£40,000,000

HOLIDAY *Idea!*

Money for nothing, it seems. But such "bonuses" are going to mean a new and steady trade boom

BRITAIN will witness a revolution this year. A new Industrial Revolution. Summer holidays with pay will become part of the law of the land.

Is it too much to describe this reform as another Industrial Revolution? Millions of breadwinners and their families will not think so.

Experts predict that it will prove an effective move towards peace in industry. It will be equivalent to a substantial rise in wages for three out of every four of Britain's workers. Enlightened employers add that better production comes from men who are able to enjoy a paid holiday.

And for the whole country it means a further fillip to returning prosperity.

To-day, out of thirteen million persons in insurable occupations, 1,500,000 get a paid holiday as the result of agreements between employers and trades unions.

About two million more, mainly non-manual workers, get it as a matter of course.

For the rest—nearly ten million workers—there can be no annual break unless they pay for it in loss of wages.

Leave-with-Pay will Bring Great Industrial Boom

Some of them have never been able to afford it, and work the whole year round. Millions more are compelled to take it, and, though the better-paid can manage to save enough to spend the week or fortnight by the sea with wife and youngsters, most must be content with the dubious luxury of "a backyard holiday," with perhaps a single day's excursion

Now, at long last, all this is to be changed. Not a single class of the community can fail to benefit.

Men who spend their days in the gloom and peril of the mines. Labourers on the rich red soil of Somerset or the black earth of the Fens. Men and girls who toil in the dusty mills of the North. Shipwrights of the Clyde and Tyne. Engineers. Shop assistants. Scores of other types of workers will find a new freedom.

Just work it out for yourself. Think of the innumerable families who, for the first time, will be replying to those tempting advertisements which herald the coming of sunny days more optimistically even than the cuckoo.

Think of the few million extra stamps involved. Think of the extra money which seaside landladies will spend on food, laundering, labour.

The immense amounts of penny chocolate bars, sweets, "rock," ices, soft drinks consumed by the new holiday-makers. The buckets and spades for the children, boat trips, coconut shies: all the incidental delights which cost little but total vast sums to aid trade and give employment.

Imagine the increased traffic receipts of railways and motor coaches. Women's cheap frocks for beach wear. The incentive to seaside resorts to spend heavily on promenade extensions, bathing pools, public gardens and the like.

No, we are not exaggerating. In France, where the Popular Government introduced paid-holidays-for-all early last year, the results have been startling. "A wonderful change brought into the drab existence of millions," declares the Under-Secretary for Sport and Leisure.

There, where all persons employed for more than a year by one firm are entitled to an annual fortnight's leave with pay (others get shorter periods), humble artisans and their families have brought a return of fortune to the once-exclusive resorts of the Riviera and northern coasts.

Swagger and expensive towns, nearly ruined by the loss of foreign visitors owing to unfavourable rates of exchange, are glad to cater for weavers and mechanics.

The workers have found a new interest in life, and take their ease in world-famous surroundings which previously were but names to them. General trade has increased.

True, not every British breadwinner will be able to afford a rest by the sea or in the country even when Britain follows the lead of France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium and Spain.

But he will no longer dread holiday time, no longer have to save for months to buy the necessities of life for his children during the week or so that his workplace is closed. The wages he will receive in future for that period, even if spent on food and clothing, must obviously help us all by expanding trade.

Put it another way: The average wage of men in insurable occupations is fifty shillings a week; for women, twenty-five shillings. A fortnight's paid holiday would mean, in effect, a two-shilling-a-week "rise" for men and half as much for women over the whole year.

The direct increase in trade could not be much less than £40,000,000 a year. Indirectly, since the extra goods consumed will provide more employment and thus stimulate a still larger consumption of goods, its effects will be of incalculable value.

This is the surest argument against those backward employers who plead that industry cannot stand the cost of paid holidays—though actually it represents only 2 per cent. of the costs of production.

It was those employers who persuaded the Government to disgrace us in the eyes of the world when, in 1926, the League of Nations tried to establish an international convention for six days' paid holidays.

Of the thirty-two countries whose Governments were invited to express their views, twenty-eight gave unqualified approval. Only two were definitely antagonistic—Great Britain and Bulgaria. Even China and Peru were sener!

But in the last few months Whitehall has quietly been carrying out a right-about-turn. Thanks largely to the determined T.U.C. campaign directed by Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine. Thanks a lot, also, to the Prime Minister.

Mr. Baldwin would like to see this reform passed before he quits Downing Street, would like it to be remembered as his last public service. And he has been working behind the scenes to this purpose.

In one respect, he will be disappointed. The committee of enquiry that has been set up will not report, it seems certain, until after Parliament has adjourns for the summer recess—by which time No. 10, Downing Street will have a fresh occupant.

But there is no doubt that the committee's report will be favourable and that paid holidays will become law before the year is out.

There is no doubt about this because the T.U.C. leaders, though accepting the Government's assurance that something will be done, have made it clear that they will not wait too long for that belated "something."

Good employers, however, are not waiting for official compulsion. Following Lord Nuffield's decision, Messrs. J. and P. Coats announce a form of paid holidays for its 10,000 workers; Henry Ford is granting a similar concession to his Dagenham staff of 11,000.

By next year, it is safe to say, their examples will have become the general practice. So another reform that JOHN BULL has advocated in season and out will be an accomplished fact.

And in health as well as wealth the country will be immeasurably richer.

YES, SIR!

BRYLCREEM is the stuff to give the roots. It gets right to the bottom of all hair trouble, penetrates to the very scalp cells, cleansing and stimulating, encouraging healthy growth. And BRYLCREEM is not merely perfect hair tonic, it's a perfect fixative as well. Yes, Sir, BRYLCREEM for me—and you, if you're sensible—every time.

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There's an orchard near to Hereford, Where ———— apples grow. They're the ———— in the country, So say the men who know. And those apples go to Bulmer's, Where their juice is ———— out, To make the ———— cider. That's how Bulmer's comes about.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Write on a postcard what you consider are the best words to complete this advertisement. Add your own name and address and the name and address of your local cider supplier. Send to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B.2, Hereford, before April 29th, 1937. In the top left-hand corner of the stamped side write the word COMPETITION. A Solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded to each of the 25 best entries in the opinion of Mr. Bulmer, whose decision is final. Results will be published in the "Daily Herald" on May 7.

Ah! Bulmer's Cider

JB

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Their husbands enjoy it too!

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SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back, if not satisfied, within seven days. **FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.**

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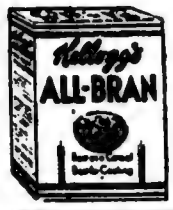

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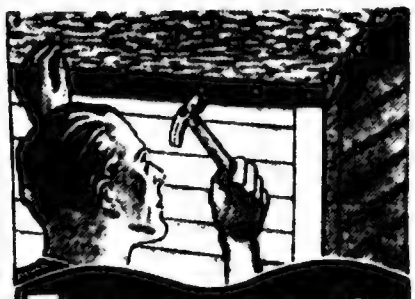

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Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

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1/6, 3-, 4/5 - tins

Why be GREY?

Grey hair tells tales of years. Hindes Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour, Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black. Easy to apply. It has no grease, cannot be detected and is absolutely harmless.

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 2/6 per bottle.

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HINDES Ltd., 5 St. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

THE 'SEALED LIPS' Coward

There are times when it is better—however much courage is needed—to bring out the whole truth. Secrecy is sometimes only a cloak for cowardice

IT costs a great deal sometimes to tell the truth. That is why so many people shrink from it. Here, in a letter from a young man, is a typical illustration. He writes:—

Ours is a sorry tale. We fell in love and we sinned. We are now married, but that does not help us in the present trouble. We were married three months ago and we have kept our secret to ourselves. If the wife's parents knew they would refuse to see her any more. I think they might relent as time went on, but the immediate worry is the mental effect on my wife, who is affectionate by nature and dearly loves her mother.

Regarding my own parents the situation is even more serious. My mother is old and in ill-health. She is the most wonderful woman you could ever meet and I know that the shock would kill her.

The baby is due in a few weeks from now. What can we do with it? We want to do everything we can for it, but I am only a 50s.-a-week clerk. Will any orphanage take the child in these circumstances? If so, would they charge and how much? If not, is there any organised method of getting in touch with would-be adopters? If not, what then? We await with real concern your kind reply.

This young man asks me a number of questions on how his child can be adopted and I will try to answer them. But before that stage is reached, there is something I must say. He knows his parents and his wife's parents better than I do. I think, however, he may be exaggerating the effect upon them if they are told the truth. It needs courage, I know, to make a confession of this kind. But it is a course I strongly advocate. If they neglect to do so all kinds of complications may arise. Questions would naturally be asked as to why the wife does not visit her home or her husband's home.

Not only that, but the news may reach them from some outside busybody. And they would, I am sure, rather be told by my correspondent than learn of it in a roundabout way from someone else. Then there is the wife herself to consider. When the baby is born she may hate the very thought of parting with it. And she may live in regret of doing so all her life.

I urge this young man to consider all these points. But if after doing so he still persists in his desires, then let me try to help him. I presume his wife has made arrangements for her confinement. If she is going into a maternity hospital, then I am sure the lady almoner would advise her of any adoption home or foster parents that she can recommend.

Failing that, he might apply to one of the well-established children's adoption societies in London.

Another suggestion is to insert an advertisement in his local newspaper, but if that step is taken the most careful investigations should be made about the home and position of the adopters. I can imagine the anxiety of this man and his wife at the present time. I hope that whatever decision is reached will be the best for everyone concerned.

A long letter reaches me from another young man who is in great trouble. He tells me that he has been engaged for three years, and that a few months ago his girl brought a friend and her young man to a party. Shortly afterwards she broke off the engagement with my correspondent, saying that she had fallen madly in love with that other young man. The problem, however, does not end there. His letter goes on:—

Six weeks ago she wrote telling me that she was pregnant, and that I was responsible for her condition. I still loved her, and do so now, and I wrote back and offered to marry her at once. I arranged to meet and talk the matter over, and she told me that as she loved the other young man she could not marry me.

She asked me to let her have a sum of money so that she could go away to another town until it is all over, and said that if I did not agree to her plans she would commit suicide. She has not told her parents, nor will she allow me to do so.

I promised that I would make her a good husband and do everything in my power to see that she is happy. But she will not hear of our marriage. The worry is affecting me very deeply, and I should be so grateful if you would advise me on the following questions.

Should I tell her new boy friend? Shall I put my foot down and refuse to help her unless she marries me? Or is it wise to let her have the money and do as she wishes?

Now this young man, having made a mistake, is anxious to do everything possible to put things right. He has offered marriage to the girl but she has refused it. If she is sure that her feelings for him have changed and that all her love for him is dead, then I think she is right in her decision. Without real love on both sides there can be little prospect of a happy home life. And because of this trouble there is no reason why three lives should be ruined —that of the girl, this young man and the child.

Now with regard to the other questions he asks me. I certainly feel that it is not his place to inform the other young man. Nor do I think that he should commit himself to any financial arrangement without legal advice. I strongly urge him to consult a good solicitor and lay the whole matter before him. It is, of course, his duty to take his share of the responsibility. And I am sure he has no desire or intention of shirking it. But as to the extent and amount, let him be guided by his lawyer.

I started this article by saying that it costs a great deal to tell the truth. My next letter, from a woman, shows what trouble can result from remaining silent:—

I have been great friends with a married couple living near by. Some time ago the husband fell in love with a girl, and one day he called to tell me about it. He said he intended to leave his wife and go away with the girl.

I talked to him and pointed out his wife's many good qualities, and begged him not to leave her. He said he would think the matter over, and after coming to see me about it several times he finally gave up the girl.

But someone must have told his wife of his visits to me, for she will not speak to me now and is rude if we meet.

My correspondent was kindly disposed but a little indiscreet in allowing the young man to visit her on several occasions. It was almost inevitable that neighbours would talk. I gather she is a married woman and would have been better if her husband had been present.

Now this woman is inclined to let the whole matter drop. I can't advise her to do so. That wife is already showing rudeness to her and she may communicate her suspicions to others, which may lead to further slights.

Gossip or scandal of this nature should be "nipped in the bud" before it does untold damage. My own feeling is that since that man sought out my correspondent and asked for her advice, he should see that she is not made to suffer for her good offices. He can make what excuses he likes to his wife. But he must certainly protect the good name of the one who guided him to a right decision. I suggest this woman should impress that upon him.

The Quickest Way To Stop Indigestion

says Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

is to remove the *cause* of the trouble—excess stomach acid. I find that this can best be done by taking after meals a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This preparation contains the quickest-acting and most effective antacid and stomach corrective known to medical science, a fact which was recently proved by X-ray experiments. I advise any of you who suffer from indigestion to get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia; you'll find that a small dose will stop stomach pain within two or three minutes. JB

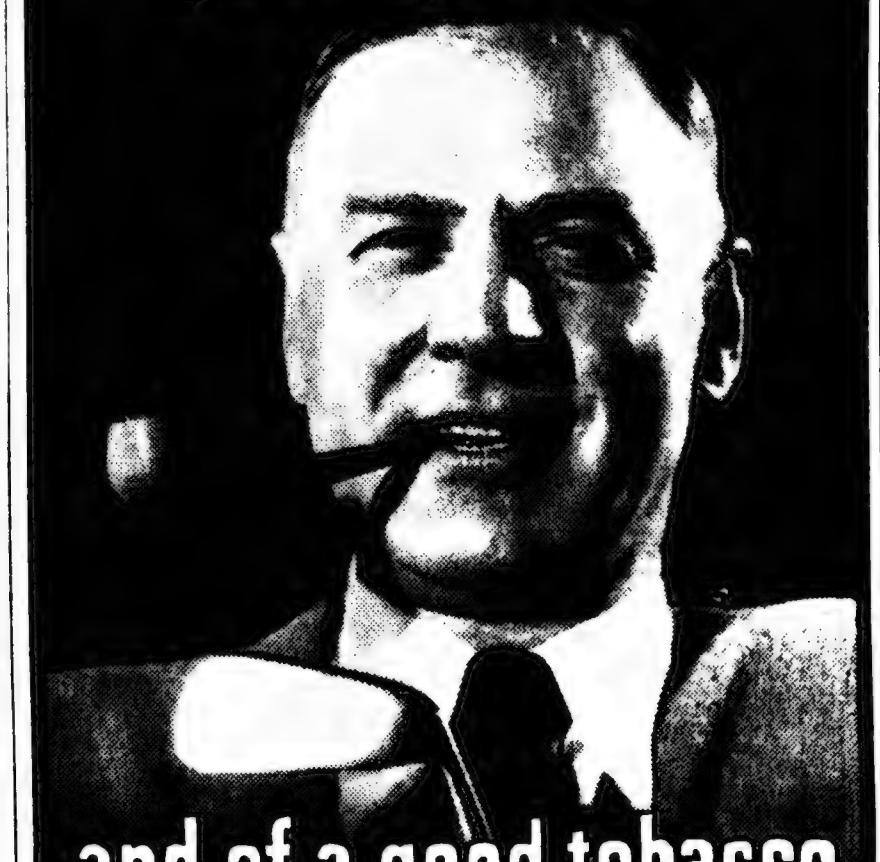
Note: We understand that 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the preparation referred to above, can be obtained at 1/3 & 2/6—powder or tablets—from any chemist.

When you've earned a rest—

beer is best

183

COOLNESS the secret of good golf . . .



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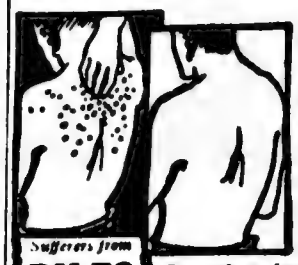
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Removes Terrible SKIN TROUBLES



Bad Legs
Burns, Cuts
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Sufferers from **PILES** (Haemorrhoids) Should use **GERMOLOIDS** (Brand) The New Treatment. Sure & Speedy Relief. 1/3 Per Box

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ACCEPT THIS OFFER

PROVE NOW, AT OUR INVITATION, the power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, within one month of purchase and your money will be REFUNDED IN FULL!

TRIAL 6D SIZE

Standard Tins, Price

1/3, 3/- & 12/-, Tubes 4/6

NOTE: When you have been cured by GERMOLENE Ointment, never use anything else on your skin but

GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP

6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

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TWELVE DISTINCT HERBS BANISH GLOOM AND RESTORE JOY OF LIVING

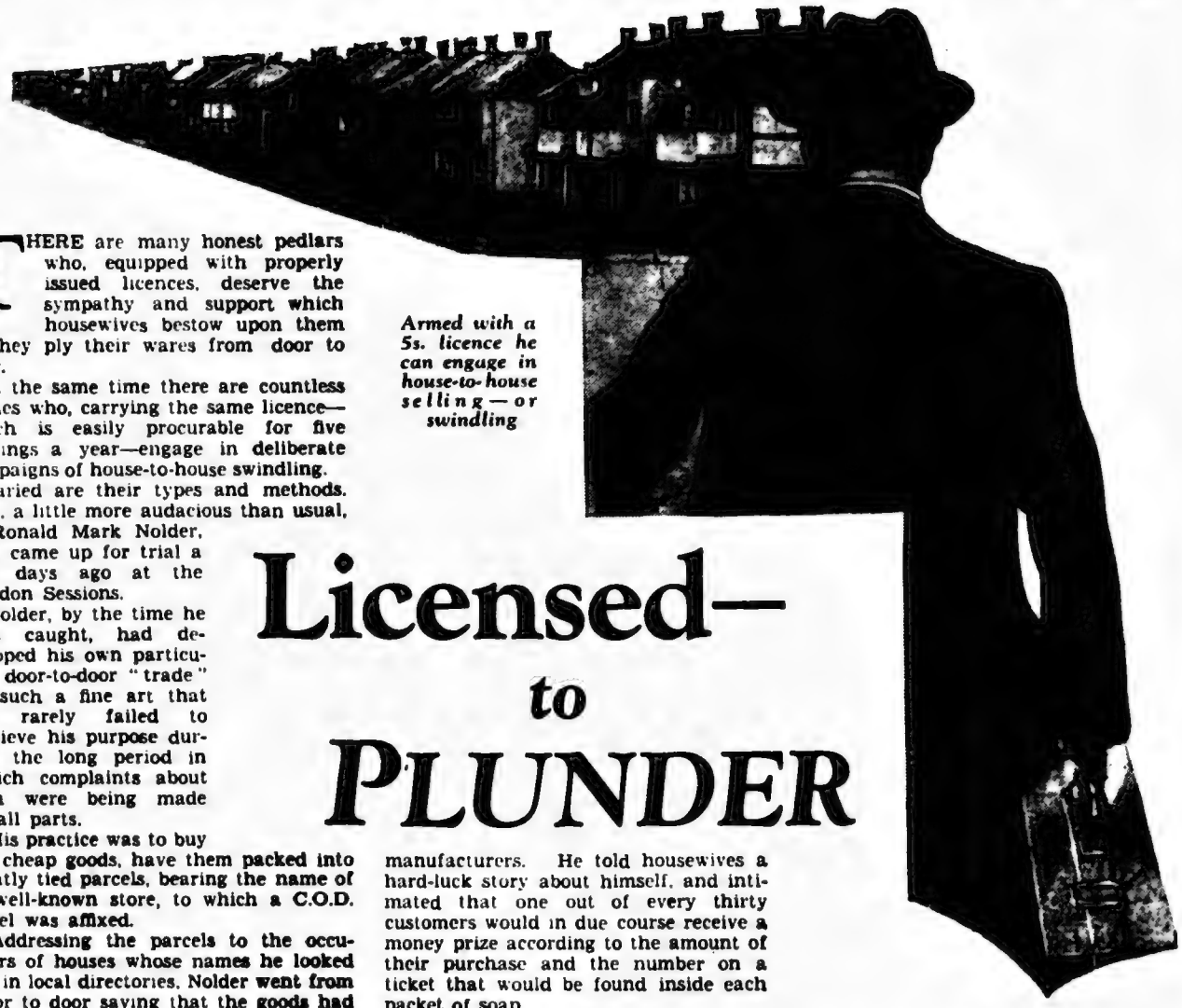
For more than 70 years Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of all family remedies for Biliousness, Pains after eating, Flatulence, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity, and other Liver and Stomach Disorders.

Remember, good health and a cheerful outlook on life are founded on good digestion. Let Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup bring these gifts to you by stimulating your Liver, regulating your Bowels and giving you new strength and new life. For Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach, and Impaired Digestion, there is nothing to equal this old-time herbal remedy. 1/3 and 3/- at all chemists.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

What to do for your RHEUMATISM

There comes a time in the history of every Rheumatic Sufferer when he says to himself: "I wonder if I am taking the right remedy?" Thousands of sufferers have asked themselves that question lately and decided that the time had come for a change to Fynnon Salt, Nature's Salt of the Earth. What a difference within a week! A new outlook on life—a new feeling of lightheartedness, a new sensation of well-being. And why? Because Fynnon Salt is so rich in the curative elements that rinse the system of the impurities that are the very foundation of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. Fynnon Salt is a *complete* remedy. It includes Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, etc., all the mineral salts necessary to clear out rheumatic acids. It is no one-way "hit-or-miss" cure. The combined effect of *all* the ingredients in Fynnon Salt is so powerfully beneficial that Rheumatism seldom remains. Gently but unmistakably, it passes away and stays away so long as you take a daily glass of Fynnon Salt. Fynnon Salt may be just what you need. You'll never know until you've tried it. 1/3 a tin from your chemist.



Armed with a 5s. licence he can engage in house-to-house selling—or swindling

Licensed— to PLUNDER

THERE are many honest pedlars who, equipped with properly issued licences, deserve the sympathy and support which housewives bestow upon them as they ply their wares from door to door.

At the same time there are countless rogues who, carrying the same licence—which is easily procurable for five shillings a year—engage in deliberate campaigns of house-to-house swindling.

Varied are their types and methods. One, a little more audacious than usual, is Ronald Mark Nolder, who came up for trial a few days ago at the London Sessions.

Nolder, by the time he was caught, had developed his own particular door-to-door "trade" to such a fine art that he rarely failed to achieve his purpose during the long period in which complaints about him were being made in all parts.

His practice was to buy up cheap goods, have them packed into neatly tied parcels, bearing the name of a well-known store, to which a C.O.D. label was affixed.

Addressing the parcels to the occupiers of houses whose names he looked up in local directories, Nolder went from door to door saying that the goods had been ordered by a member of the household, and that the sum of six, seven, ten or twelve shillings had to be paid upon delivery. He contrived to call when only the housewife or maid was at home, and almost invariably obtained the money.

★★★ With two previous convictions, Nolder has now been sent to jail for twelve months, fifty offences other than those to which he pleaded guilty being proved against him!

He is but one of countless rogues who prey upon housewives in one way or another.

One man until recently toured the country representing himself to be a canvasser for a famous firm of soap manufacturers. He told housewives a hard-luck story about himself, and intimated that one out of every thirty customers would in due course receive a money prize according to the amount of their purchase and the number on a ticket that would be found inside each packet of soap.

The latter, he said, would be sent direct from the factory as soon as the orders, with cash, had been received by his employers.

Over a long period this man obtained sums ranging from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. from women in all parts of the country, and, though he was finally arrested and sent to prison, complaints show that there are many others emulating his trickery.

Another plausible fellow goes from door to door selling small sacks of potatoes which, when opened, are found to contain peel, sawdust, or sand, with only a top layer of potatoes!

The kind of peddling which, being very commonplace, depends on the hard-luck story is more organised and widespread. On straight selling a pedlar expects to make 700 per cent. profit; but with a selection of hard-luck stories carefully rehearsed, the total return can be doubled.

And housewives are not always the only victims. The products of well-known and reputable manufacturers are frequently counterfeited by the traffickers in "swag," as some pedlars' wares are called.

The experienced pedlar knows where to buy tins printed with the name and trademark of a trusted manufacturer of tooth powder, boot polish or shaving soap, which he can fill with some mystery substance and sell as genuine. This enables him to spring a long yarn to the sympathetic housewife about the "niggardliness" of his "commission."

Labels, too, are regularly sold to pedlars for wrapping round their Cheap Jack lines, which bear a strong if not exact resemblance to those of genuine firms.

★★★ In country districts the herb "doctor" is a notorious racketeer. He usually peddles a mixture which he describes as a "universal elixir" guaranteed to cure anything from weak eyes to housemaid's knee.

But those who part with their money for his marvellous "elixir" would get a shock if they saw it in course of preparation. For it is apt to be compounded of weeds gathered from the hedgerow—dandelion, dock leaves, hedge parsley and so on—which are dried and pounded into an "infusion" with the aid of the nearest brick.

And, apart from the gentry who have their own "patent" commodities, many pedlars buy their wares at a "swag shop," several of which exist in different parts of the country.

These "swag shops" generally resemble either a leather-grinder's or draper's, and are identified by a "secret sign" consisting of articles in the window, arranged in a certain way.

In the "swag shop" the pedlar can buy a glittering assortment of rubbish for next to nothing.

★★★ On an outlay of five shillings a pedlar reckons to get a return of forty shillings if he sells "straight," and several pounds if he uses his trash to sell a favourite hard-luck story as well.

Some pedlars, who buy the cheapest "leather" bootlaces for about fourpence a dozen pairs, are not above smearing them with margarine so that, should a customer test their strength by pulling them, his fingers slip.

And the amazing thing is that this simple trick works nearly every time!

"The Greatest of These"

One of the twins

THIS baby, who is one of twins aged fifteen months, the youngest of eight children, sends an SOS for her ex-Service dad, who was awarded the Military Medal.

He is in trouble because his earnings since Christmas have averaged only £2 a week. His rent of £1 a week is £8 in arrears and his landlord threatens to put in the bailiff and evict the family. The water company is threatening to cut off his supply because he owes £2 3s.

* * *

His third trouble is the worst. His wife has fallen ill and been sent to the hospital, where she is likely to remain for three months.

Only our compassionate readers can solve his problem by sending donations earmarked "The Twins," to save their home and their health, for how can eight children all under thirteen, to say nothing of their dad, get on without a roof over their heads?

Also, the best tonic for their mother lying ill and worried in hospital would surely be to know that ministering angels had come forward to protect her home.

Donations earmarked "The Twins," and those for our General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

Varnene, the finer and more durable Oil Varnish Stain, will give ordinary floor boards a beautiful high-gloss finish that offers the utmost resistance to chip and scratch.

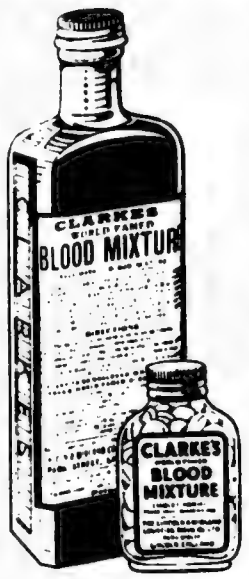
Tins 6d., 1/- and 1/6

From Grocers, Oilmen, Ironmongers, etc. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear Colourless Varnish.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS, LTD. LONDON, W.4.

V.BC.39

CLEANSE YOUR BLOOD IN THE SPRING



After the trying Winter, with violent climatic changes, your health is at its lowest. Stuffy rooms, lack of sunshine and fresh air lower the vitality and clog the blood with impurities. This is why Clarkes Blood Mixture is so beneficial in the Spring; it cleanses the blood and restores health and vigour.

Clarkes Blood Mixture is unequalled for the treatment of all complaints that arise from blood impurities: Rheumatism, Lumbago, Painful Joints, Neuritis, Skin Complaints, Eczema, Ulcers, Rashes, Boils and Pimples.

Be sure you get "CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

Sold everywhere LIQUID 1/9, 3/- & 12/- (12 - six times the 3/- size)

"CLARKES" BRAND BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE "BLOOD MIXTURE" REG. TRADE MARK

Sold everywhere TABLETS 1/9, 3/- & 5/- (5/- twice the 3/- size)

JB

SUFFERED FROM GASTRIC TROUBLE FOR YEARS . . .

since taking MOORLANDS can eat anything without Pain

Read this amazing tribute to MOORLAND Indigestion Tablets

"I have great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have had by taking your tablets. I suffered for years from gastric trouble and tried everything that has been advertised, but I could get no relief. Since I have been taking Moorland Tablets I can honestly say that I can eat anything without getting that awful pain afterwards. You are welcome to make use of this letter, and I hope it will be the means of other sufferers giving Moorlands a trial." —H. G. (Bristol).

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve Indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health — appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets after meals and eat what you like

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists:

7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 1/3 flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:

W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J. B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

JB

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JB

What's happened to JULIAN?

A Grateful Lady writes:—

"I feel I must write and thank you for the great benefit Phillips Tonic Yeast has had on my husband . . . About nine months ago he went completely off colour, and his strength seemed to have gone for good . . . Seeing your advert. in the papers I got in a continuous supply, which I am glad to say has worked a most marvellous cure . . . Again I thank you for the transformation Phillips Tonic Yeast has brought about."

. . . PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP . . . It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES and BOILS.

. . . PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is 'LIVE' Yeast obtainable free from drugs. It is sold by all chemists 1/3 for 50 Tablets, 3/- for 150 or 6d. for 20. Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING . . . . PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST won

. . . The Lady's GRATITUDE

DUNLOP UNIVERSAL—THE TYRES TO CARRY A COUPLE.

YOU WILL TOUR WITH GREATEST SAFETY ON THE

PRICES FROM **20/6**

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THE GREAT ALL PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE

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2D WILL STOP THAT PAIN 2d.

Makes You Smile Again

Yes!—that IS something to smile about! That nagging Headache will cease to thump — that piercing Neuralgia will cease to stab—that torturing twinge of Rheumatism and backbreaking agony of Lumbago will fly away.

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Beechams Powders 2D EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

CLEAN FALSE TEETH

New Easy JB Way — No Brushing

Tested and Approved By over 10,000 Dentists

Just shake a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of water. Leave your false teeth, plates and bridges in it while you dress or for overnight. DON'T BRUSH. Simply rinse and your teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

'Steradent' cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, sticky film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and gums look like new. Makes them smooth, cool and comfortable. 'Steradent' is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. "I wish everyone wearing dentures knew about it," writes Mr. J. L., a prominent dentist. "'Steradent' will do all and more than you claim," writes another leading practitioner. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. Sold by all chemists.

WARNING! *Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. Use 'Steradent' and you take no chances.*

STERADENT
CLEANS & STERILISES FALSE TEETH

PURE BEER FOR 1D. PER PINT
REFRESHING & SUSTAINING
SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD
EASILY MADE AT HOME
ALE or STOUT JB

FROM VIGGORMALT (REGD.)
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS
Simply add cold water
FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops, Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer, or send stamps or P.O. for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. JN), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX. Post free U.K. and I.F.S. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

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SPORTSMAN'S 1937 1938 DIARY
Brim full of useful information and including S.P. and Tote Ready Reckoners

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bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE or totalisator returns as desired
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● *Our Readers Write About:*

Warnings and Visions

Laundries and Licences

Tips and Titles

I HAVE been four weeks in hospital with scalding caused one night when I was pouring boiling water at the moment the slot-meter electric light supply suddenly gave out.

Meters should be fitted with buzzers which would announce the end of the supply a few minutes in advance.—MRS. V MEREDITH Alma Square, St. John's Wood, N.W.

Experiments have been made to fade out domestic light gradually, but have not been successful.

Inquisitive

CAN any JOHN BULL reader inform me why so many laundries are named after saints—St. George, St. James, St. Matthew, and so on?—HENRY TEGGART Noble Street, Bolton.

Probably the close association of cleanliness and godliness.

Holidays Ahead

MY fiancé and I propose to spend a summer holiday on a sea cruise.

Our only embarrassment is as to the size and distribution of tips.—Miss MARION LINDSAY, Alderton, Tewkesbury, Glos.

One tenth of the fare is regarded as correct, to be divided in proportion to service among the various stewards.

Hood's Broadside

RATINGS of this ship at lower-deck conference have instructed me to protest against recent Letter Bag contribution in JOHN BULL (March 27, 1937) from a woman about sailors.

She said they were not good companions because they were tongue-tied and carried on conversation in grunts and monosyllables.

Our unanimous reply is that average girl's aimless chatter deserves no more. She may be as beautiful as Dietrich and as fascinating as Garbo, but sailors also want some brilliance of brain—ARTHUR WEAVER H.M.S. *Hood*, at sea.

Devastating salvoes also come from H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, Rodney and Excellent.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Golden Guineas

IT is not surprising that the first classic race of the season is known as "The Golden Guineas," for it is usually worth more than £9,000

I had hoped that we should have seen Foray, Fair Copy and Goya II in action prior to the big test, but Fair Copy's training was held up for teeth extraction, and owing to the runaway victory of Fairford in the "Greenham" probably trainers of the cracks are timing the preparation of their charges.

I am standing on Foray for the "Guineas," and I would not take 8 to 1—the London odds—about Fairford for the Derby.

The Greenham" is a hoodoo race for the Epsom classic. In fact, the last horse to win both events was Minoru, for King Edward VII.

Best bets for Sandown Park this week-end may be Quasr Shirin, in the Esher Cup, and Recovery in the Guildford Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, April 22, to Wednesday, April 28.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: N95SMEU would read TAKE MY. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. KXT295 would read SONNA.

Derby Dream

FOURTEEN years ago I dreamed that I saw the finish of the Derby, and the judge hold up a gigantic letter "P."

Three horses in the race had names with that initial letter—Papyrus, Pharos and Parth—and I backed them all each way. They finished first, second, and third.

Last night I dreamed I again saw the winning-post. This time it was surmounted with a huge clock with the hands at three o'clock and a jockey in black and white was climbing the post to wind the clock.

As Lord Derby's racing colours are black and white, I intend to back whatever horse he runs.—L. M. ROWNTREE, Bexley Lane, Sidcup, Kent.

More appropriate interpretation of this dream would be Sir Laurence Philipps' colt, The Hour. And his colours are also black and white—with gold cap.

Scot Protests

MY Scots instinct is hostile to the new twelve-sided George VI three-penny-piece.

First it contains base metal and cannot therefore be conscientiously used for "silver collections."

Second, because of the design, its cost of minting must be more than its value.—LIEUT.-COMMANDER D. N. SHEPHERD, King's Gate, Aberdeen

Only European coin which costs more to strike than its value is French 5-centime piece or petit sous, worth one-eighth of a penny. Two centimes are lost on each one produced.

From Long Ago

THERE is nothing new in the Safety First campaign. I have unearthed a packet of pamphlets dated 1882 which, except for the omission of the words "motor car," are identical with current warning literature.—R. T. THORNE, Surbiton Hill, Surrey.

Seventy years ago Froude wrote: "No prudent man will now venture a walk in the streets unless his will is made, his affairs in order and a card case is in his pockets that his body may be identified."

Book Titles

ANALYSIS of titles of all novels published in last three months shows that the word "murder" occurs 116 times, "death" 103, "secret" 39, "mystery" 39, and "case" 29 times.—B. C. HART, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh.

Publishers' spring lists reveal authors favouring titles with colours—gold, golden, red, green, purple chiefly.

Gorgonzola

WHEN sanctions were in force against Italy, Gorgonzola cheese cost 1s. 3d. per lb., although supplies were scarce. Now it is 1s. 6d.

Mussolini, or only our middlemen?—MRS. F. HALL, Jumpers Road, Christchurch, Hants.

Misconception. Price has been 1s. 6d. for years. Dutch "Gorgonzola" was sold during sanctions period.

Short Measure

ON April 28, 1936, I bought a wireless licence for one year.

Now the Post Office intimates that it expired on March 31 last. Official explanation is that a licence is valid only until the end of the month before the one in which it was taken out.—SIDNEY MASON, Market Square, Wigan

Especially unfair because money deposited in Post Office Savings Bank does not earn interest until the first of the month following day of deposit

Loss and Profit

VEGETABLE growers in this district were asked to send large consignments of early lettuce to the Brixton markets this year to make up deficiencies in Spanish supplies.

They did so, but wholesale prices in your country were so bad that they got in debt one halfpenny for every lettuce.

Yet, we learn, the price paid by the public in the retail shops has been ten times the wholesale price.—GASTON BAUDIER, Pepignon, France.

British growers often fare as badly and are similarly exploited.

Flying Men

BELIEF persists that Royal Air Force permanent commissions are a monopoly of university candidates. Is it correct?—J. WHILES, Templeton Street, Glasgow.

Three years ago university men got 22 per cent. Last year 8 per cent.

For Enquiry

URGENT attention should be given by the Government to the administration of its scheme for the transference of young workers from one part of the country to another.

I have found definite evidence that many of these juveniles are sent to deplorable lodgings, where the accommodation is bad and the food coarse and inadequate.—J. M. GROVES, Tennyson Road, Wibsey, Bradford.

Ministry of Labour informs us that it is undertaking immediate investigation.

Hot Rooms

DOCTOR has recommended me to take Turkish baths to reduce.

Yesterday I paid my first visit to one of these establishments and was appalled at the etiquette.

The silence was deeper even than a West End club reading room. When I began a conversation I was admonished by my fellow-bathers to be quiet.

I lost two pounds—but recovered it in a few hours.—CLIVE BURDETT, High Street, Ruislip, Middlesex.

Turkish baths can check weight increase but do not reduce permanently.

● *We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.*

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

INDIGESTION.

What a multitude of miseries afflict the human frame under the name of indigestion!

The cramp-like pain after meals, the sudden stab between the shoulders, the dull headache over the eyes, the bout of retching in the morning, the blown-out feeling following food, the mouthful of burning, smarting bile—all these afflictions are put down by stomach sufferers to "indigestion."

What a good thing there is a single, simple and safe remedy that will put an end to all these distressing symptoms!

The alkaline effect of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder neutralises the excess acid that causes so much trouble and gently soothes the inflamed lining of the stomach back to its normal, healthy condition. Pain goes, symptoms of indigestion disappear rapidly, after you take this proven remedy. Try Maclean Brand to-day and say good-bye to your stomach troubles. But be sure to get the original Maclean Brand—look for the signature "ALEX F. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or tablets. JB

. . . . and that's why I use Silvikrin Lotion *every* morning. It keeps the scalp healthy, the hair free from dandruff and stops falling hair.'

Silvikrin Lotion is the only hair dressing that contains Pure Silvikrin, the natural hair food.

SILVIKRIN LOTION

1/6

per bottle

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

402-G

Why suffer BOILS?

If you tried Burgess' Lion Ointment, famous for years, Mr. T. A. W. (Lanes) writes: "I got relief from Boils, Abscesses and Whitlows; but it was not until I tried Burgess' Lion Ointment that I found relief."

The safe, sure, trusty healer for Boils, Carbuncles, Infected Wounds, Abscesses, Polypus, Piles, Eczema, and successful even with obstinate cases of Bad Legs. Get a box from your chemist—1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

LION OINTMENT 1/3

HOME LOVERS!

Wonderful Furnishing Values

Don't overlook the Drage and Jays offer in this issue. For full details of each offer and free Coronation souvenirs, fill in the coupons on pages 12 and 33. Readers' attention is also drawn to the Berkeley offer on p. 35. The coupon will bring free patterns, catalogue, etc.

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN

they're blended better

AS IN A GAME of chess, so it is in blending. Time and forethought are essential. Over three years ago, casks of desirable Virginia leaf were being put away to mature —for making the Capstan you buy today.....

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. PLAIN OR CORK TIPTED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd. CC562A

THIS ENSEMBLE AT 5/- IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE WONDERFUL VALUES OFFERED

FORM A CHAMPION CREDIT CLUB

1,000 BARGAINS at 2/6 5/- 7/6 10/-

10 MEMBERS ONLY REQUIRED.
PAYMENTS SPREAD OVER 10 WEEKS.

OUR COMMISSION

WE TRUST YOU

60/- IN CASH 80/- IN GOODS.

152 PAGE CORONATION CATALOGUE SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF COUPON.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 52.

The CHAMPION CLUB
REGAL BLDGS. OXFORD RD. MANCHESTER 1

Can YOU do this?

Eat what you like with no regrets!

If all's well within, all the world will know! A hearty appetite, a quick, active mind, an elastic step and a bright, cheerful face are all signs of *perfect* regularity. So keep *your* system regular—regular as the clock. Remember your Beechams Pills, the Golden Rule of Health for ninety years.

Purely Vegetable *Worth a Guinea a Box*

Yes! —if you keep regular with BEECHAMS PILLS

BRAND

BACKACHE and KIDNEY TROUBLES

THE function of the kidneys is to filter from the blood the fluid we know as urine. This fluid carries the nitrogenous waste matter from the system dissolved in it as a substance called urea and other impurities.

If the urinary system is not functioning properly complete elimination of the waste products does not take place, and backache, rheumatism, night frequency, lumbago, nagging and loss of tone are the result.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for over twenty-five years for kidney troubles and thousands of sufferers have obtained relief. If you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should regard your kidneys with suspicion and at once get a bottle of Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) tablets. They are sold only by chemist, price 1/-, 3/- and 5/-.

"It is nearly two years since I became ill. My back ached and I suffered from short pain.

"I was strongly advised to call in Dr. — and he prescribed Cystopurin, since when I have felt very much better. I am taking Cystopurin twice daily, followed by hot barley water.

"I cannot speak too highly of Cystopurin and feel very grateful for the benefit obtained by them."

—MRS. B. B., LINCOLNSHIRE.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. [illegible]

GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

CYSTOPURIN

(sis-toe-pew-rin)

QUICK RELIEF FROM ACID STOMACH

'BiSoDoL' is a complete Stomach *Treatment* which will give immediate and lasting relief to those who suffer from indigestion and other distressing disorders of the Stomach

'BiSoDoL' ensures you freedom to enjoy every meal without fear of pain, flatulence and discomfort. It is a scientific preparation of specially selected ingredients each of which has a particular and important function—one assists digestion, another neutralizes acids and another relieves the painful inflammatory condition of the stomach walls.

Sufferers from Stomach disorders need only give 'BiSoDoL' a trial to be convinced that 'BiSoDoL' is not just another stomach powder, but a COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT.

'BiSoDoL' may be obtained from all Chemists, either in Powder or Tablet form.

POWDER	*TABLETS*
Price 1/3 & 3/-	Price 1/- (30)
Family size 4/9	And 2/6 (100)

You can readily prove the truth of the above statement by sending for a free sample of Powder or Tablets to BiSoDoL Limited, Dept. 68 F Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

BiSoDoL
THE COMPLETE STOMACH TREATMENT

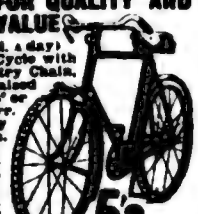
KEATING'S KILLS
ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.*—*even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.*
— But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 3½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly Surcharge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £4:17:6 Terms: 6/6 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies' Men's Juveniles' & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers Club Models



J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/2 now

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

FREE COOKERY BOOK
Every house wife should get a copy of "A Lesson in Cake Making." Simply fill the Coupon on p. 33.

H. J. (Exeter).—"Englishmen pay very heavy taxes, but simply carry on." Although nobody listens to them.

The EDITOR *Laughs* LAST

PATRIOT (Chelsea).—"We must rearm for dear life." That's what makes it dear.

G. N. (Norbury).—"His touch thrilled every nerve of her body." We all know that dentist.

GOALIE (Cardiff).—"I am very miserable since I wrenched my knee." Life seems all out of joint.

B. W. (Stockport).—"In six months I shall be good for £10,000." Who wouldn't be for a sum like that?

JIM (Shanklin).—"He lectured us for two hours on the correct use of the telescope." A long-drawn-out affair.

K. P. (Dublin).—"We now use only unbreakable crockery" You have definitely dropped all the other kind?

GARDENER (Alton).—"I always maintain that the prettiest flower is the wild broom." Rather sweeping, aren't you?

C. H. (Brighton).—"For a wager of 1s. I jumped fully clothed from a boat into the icy sea. Would you say I was brave?" No, wet!

ARTHUR J. (Dunstable).—"The dealer was very fair in his arguments about the gramophone record." He gave you both sides?

N. A. M. (London).—"The timber that was sent me was so poor that I shall never buy from that firm again." Future deals are off.

N. R. A. (Wisbech).—"I shall not be satisfied until my mantelpiece is loaded with shooting trophies." Quite a good aim.

B. C. A. (Dorset).—"My under-gardener promises to make a champion snooker player." He is evidently good at potting, eh?

TRADESMAN (Exeter).—"My landlord told me that if I persisted in arguing with him over new terms he would refuse to renew my lease." You were compelled to shut up.

ANCIENT (Blandford).—"The house I have lived in for forty years is to be sold next week and I intend to do my best to buy it." You will make a bold bid for it?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the world Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

CHESHIRE DAILY ECHO:—"My earliest recollection of Mr. —— is of the days when he was a CRICKET."

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Returning from extinguishing a small house fire this afternoon, a CONTINENT from —— Fire Station. . . ."

EASTERN DAILY PRESS:—". . . she had sighted a chaplet of mines BOATING off Cape San Sebastian. . . ."

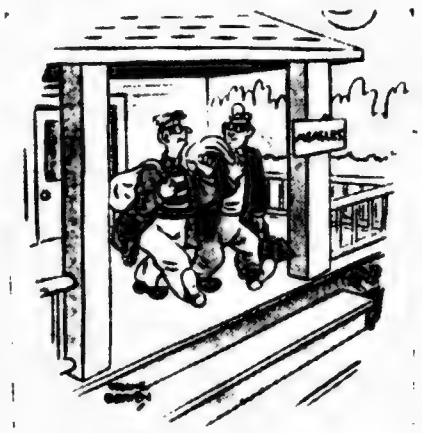
DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The hill is SURROUNDED by a small church."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"Beagles and huntsmen had lucky escapes when pursuing a HAIR on Helvellyn. . . ."

LYTHAM ST. ANNES AND FYLDE REVIEW:—". . . Spencer Tracy and Jack Holt are the STARTS in this vivid story of the most famous earthquakes . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"Snow lay to a depth of about five WEEKS."

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write Today. The replies given on this page by Fleetwing correspondents are for your entertainment.



"Did we get everything?"
—From "The Passing Show"

M. B. (Tonbridge).—"A new freak fashion is the paper-hat." Foolscap?

B. M. (Wolverhampton).—"I am going by air to see the Final at Wembley." Up for the Cup?

S. N. (Chester).—"Originally, of course, wheat grew wild." There are still wild oats.

P. E. (Southborough).—"My son has just been apprenticed to an engraver." He should make his mark.

TENANT (Sevenoaks).—"I have ceased to argue with my landlord about my front door." The subject is now closed?

B. P. (Baldock).—"This wet weather is making my garden more like a quagmire every day." The plot thickens.

L. B. (Yarmouth).—"At our school sports I won prizes for the hundred yards, four-forty yards and the hundred and twenty yards hurdles." That's champion.

S. A. (Reading).—"Because of my exceptional height I have to put up with a lot of discomfort." You are long-suffering?

E. M. (Manchester).—"I went to the dance and he told me my pretty face had brought forgiveness." You made it up!

Mrs. N. (Todmorden).—"There was quite a gulf between my neighbour and me until we met for a game of cards." Bridge?

OFFICE BOY (Acton). —"My boss grumbled about the time I took to roll up a ball of string." But it was a long job, wasn't it?

W. M. (Hampstead).—"I was so intoxicated with her eyes that, out of sheer high spirits, I broke the glass of a fire alarm." You were on fire with love!

C. G. (Richmond).—"One does not see very many young men looking down at the heel nowadays." Unless, of course, there's a pretty face above it.

ANTIQUARIAN (Bath).—"An ancient walking-cane belonging to early Roman days was recently found in a marsh." An old stick in the mud.

T. H. W. (Bradford).—"I am thinking of writing a book with its threads in the woollen industry." It should make a good yarn.

MOTORIST (Plymouth).—"I'd like to catch anyone taking my car out of my garage. I'd give him a terrific hiding." You'd take it out of him then.

JUST HOME (Leeds).—"While I admired the skyscrapers in New York, they did not take my breath away." You should have been there during a liftmen's strike.

B. P. (Tamworth).—"My two hobbies are gymnastics and photography." You are evidently determined to develop yourself?

E. M. (Herne Bay).—"Many books are borrowed from lending libraries and are never returned. I wonder where they all end up?" On the last page.

WAITER (Soho).—"Things are much the same with me as they were ten years ago." You don't find much change?

M. C. (Canterbury).—"I could tell the violinist was nervous before the concert by the way he kept pulling at his tie." Just fiddling about with it, we suppose.

T. H. (Renfrew).—"The doctor almost thought I had some form of St. Vitus' dance, but it was only excitement." You were shaking with it.

H. S. (Devizes).—"When I knocked over my cup of tea on the clean tablecloth my landlady was very annoyed." Quite upset, in fact.

W. N. (Wantage).—"She's a widow and is always talking about the punctuality of her first husband." Well, he's her late husband now.

H. M. (Dover).—"Till a woman falls in love she doesn't know what life is." And once she's married, her husband doesn't know what life is!

MOTORIST (Seaford).—"When the Scout discovered that I was not a member of his association he refused to mend my punctures." You mean he left you flat?

HUBBY (Oakham).—"My wife always expects me to eat gigantic meals whether I feel like it or not." So naturally you feel fed up.

MOTORIST (Stoke).—"I overtook every car I saw on the road yesterday. What do you think of that as a performance?" Passable.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT (Dunstable).—"Because I kept her waiting for a novel a borrower struck me." Even a bookworm will turn.

Mrs. D. (Leeds).—"My grandmother has a lovely complexion, but was unable to tell me how she retains it." So you got no wrinkles from her.

M. D. (Boston).—"When my wife insisted that the armchair was hers exclusively, I lost my temper and went out." And left her sitting on her own?

C. L. (Rochdale).—"My dog seems to know the days of the week; he's quiet on Sundays, surly on Mondays, and so on." Well, every dog has his day.

J. P. T. (Hove).—"What interests me is how *Bullets* are judged." Win that £500 offered on page 47 and we'll invite you to come up and judge for yourself—your day's salary will be £25!

M. D. (Paignton).—"My wife is constantly complaining of a chilblain on the tip of her nose." No doubt it is a very sore point.

Mrs. D. (Carlisle).—"What would you do with a husband who insists on stopping at hotels instead of taking a house?" Put up with him.

OBSERVER (Lincoln).—"I have noticed that the timid type of wooer rarely concentrates his affections on one particular girl." Faint heart has seldom one fair lady.

L. D. (Liverpool).—"Although not my fault, I know that when stock is taken some goods will be missing from the stock-room." Then there is trouble in store for someone.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Nerves in a Terrible State

SERIOUS EFFECTS OF A FALL.

"As the result of a very heavy fall, my nerves were in a terrible state," says Mrs. K. Jupp, of 174, Lewis Trust Buildings, West Kensington, London. "I had violent headaches, my fingers became numbed, and I had pains in the legs. I had no appetite and always felt tired; I was very depressed and had bouts of giddiness.

"My husband advised me to try Dr. Williams pink pills, and after the first box there was an improvement. The headaches and tired feeling disappeared: my appetite returned and I was able to sleep peacefully, and, what is more, I regained the use of my arm which had been attacked by neuritis. Now my health is splendid and I am like a new woman."

Those who have tried Dr. Williams' pink pills often say that the benefit follows in their use is almost too wonderful to be believed. Actually the reason is quite simple. It is this: these pills create new, rich blood, which strengthens the nerves, banishes anæmia, and improves the digestion. Try them now: 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

Are you only half-cleaning your lavatory?

YOUR lavatory-pan needs more than regular brush-cleaning to keep it really sanitary. It must be *completely* cleaned. Not only the bowl, but also round that hidden bend in the pipe. It must be disinfected. Deodorised too. That's impossible with old-fashioned cleaning methods—however much unpleasant work you do. But with Harpic it's easy! Harpic keeps the pan spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that bend in the pipe — *cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach.* Without any use of poisonous fluids or dangerous acids, it keeps your lavatory free from odours, safely disinfected. Give Harpic a trial. In NEW EASY-FLOW TINS — 6d., 1/- and 1/9d.

Cleans! Disinfects! Deodorises!

—FOR LAVATORIES

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A Bargain 61 piece China Service is offered to readers on p. 18. Turn to it NOW!

The Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household

CAPENSIS

ECONOMISE by buying CAPENSIS, the BIG TOILET ROLL that costs only 3d. Guaranteed 100% pure and every sheet specially crinkled for *extra* softness.

From most Grocers, Stores, Stationers, Hardware Merchants, Chemists, etc.
Made only by

THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO. LTD.
HACKNEY WICK • • • LONDON, E.9

Established over 50 years and the Largest Makers of Toilet Rolls in the United Kingdom.

OVERWORK NEARLY COST HIM HIS JOB!

TOO TIRED TO EAT—
TOO NERVY TO SLEEP

NOW—He Could

Work The Clock Round

AND STILL HAVE

TONS OF ENERGY LEFT

Dr. Cassells Tablets Succeed Again

(*From Our Own Health Investigator*)
Essex, Tuesday.

To be a mechanic in a big mass-production works at the present time is a strenuous business, and the man who can't stand the pace must find another job—if he can! At one time Mr. J. Hogan, of Essex, whom I interviewed to-day, really thought that he would shortly have to do that, but thanks to Dr. Cassells Tablets he can now do all and more than the amount of work required of him. When I called upon him to-day, I asked him to explain how his health got into such a bad condition.

"Well," he said, "the truth is, that for months now my firm have been working overtime and I simply couldn't stand the pace. It was rush and tear from the moment one started, until sometimes hours past the normal working time. When I got home I couldn't eat—I was too tired. When I went to bed my nerves were in such a jagged condition that I couldn't sleep, and I began to imagine at last that I had all sorts of health troubles. Most certainly I had severe Neuritis in my left arm!

"You can imagine how I started every morning—'Worn out' and dog-tired, yet having to withstand an absolutely killing pace."

"You began to fear for your job?" I queried.

LIKE NEW LIFE!

"I certainly did," he replied, "but thank goodness I read the Dr. Cassells advertisements and tried that wonderful tonic in time. Instantly I began to mend. My nerves were strengthened: I slept well and although to-day I have done more overtime, you can see how fresh and fit I am. I don't care how much overtime I do now for I believe I could work the clock round and still have tons of energy left. My advice to everybody who suffers is to try Dr. Cassells Tablets, at once, for they are the most miraculous health bringers and act on the jaded system like a charge of new life!"

THOUSANDS BENEFIT!

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If YOU are a victim of—

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES" JB
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Get a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW!
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE JB

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 2 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you. JB

Win . . .
30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
and £500 CASH
OR ONE HUGE SUM OF £1,000 IF PREFERRED
FINE LIFE PENSION and FORTUNE for "John Bull's" Crossword
£100 Between Runners-up
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull"
GOLD WATCHES as CORONATION BONUSES
offered under Unique 3 years' maintenance guarantee
Each prize of £1 or over accompanied by choice of Lady's or Gentleman's Gold Wrist Watch
15 Ruby Jewel Swiss Lever
9 Carat English Case for three years from date of receipt, winner receives FREE MAINTENANCE of watch any fault arising (other than from obvious misuse) will be attended to without charge
WIN YOURS THIS WEEK!

PRESENTED on this page is the sixtieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, May 13, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 47. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash or other prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed—not delivered by hand, to reach us not later than Saturday, May 1.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" tree weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry-Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter-square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

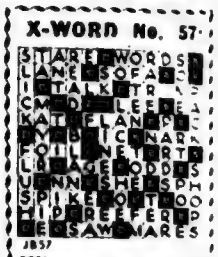
3. Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 18, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4. Should the First Prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

5. Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

X-WORD No. 57



J857

Winners on Page 46

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point TRAMP and TRUMP were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 47.

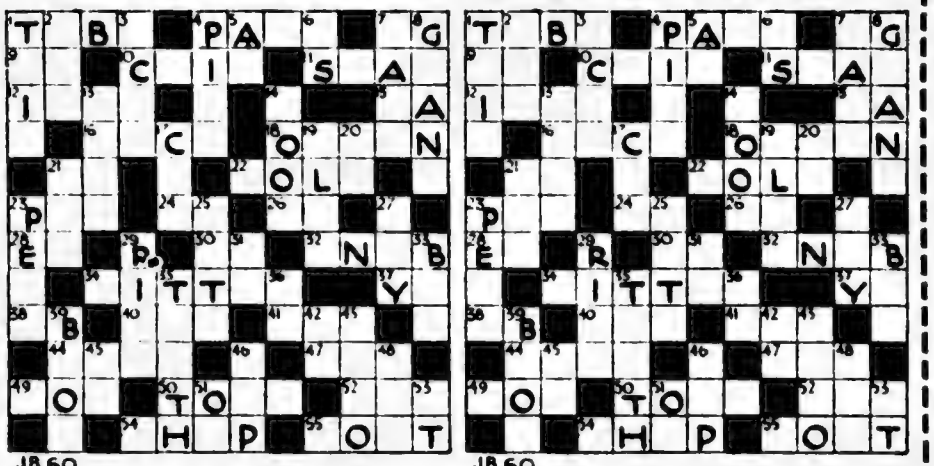
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Tooth-paste is sold in this
4. Soldiers often have one to keep in order
7. Beginning and end of lot
9. Common to sorrow and merriment
10. Frequently noticed as shiazle
11. May be made by accident
12. Twelfth part of foot
15. Master of Arts, in short
16. Is unfastened by key
18. Made of oak
21. Bit of metal in tank
22. Confidence trickster is usually ready to do one?
23. You complete coupon with one
24. Tired without anger
26. Both ends of keep
28. Found in sea and beached
30. Time before noon
32. One who apes superiors
34. What householder expects when gas-stove is being fitted
37. Old-fashioned you
38. In centre of Lisbon
40. Indicates maiden name
41. Cigarette ends in this
44. Water surrounded by land
47. Cloth hat
49. Girl has this to keep her hair neat and tidy
50. Experienced traveller is rarely impressed by it
52. Allow
54. Is sometimes done brown
55. Running at speed may be difficult in a heavy one

CLUES DOWN.

1. Quick one is all busy man can manage
2. Vase in Melbourne
3. Repetition of sound
4. One welcomes this for one's buttonhole
5. Starts appeal in Japanese
6. Ends larks
7. Renown
8. Getting this means music school can give better tuition
13. Scottish family
14. One in library will tell you something about owner's literary taste
17. One in your favourite arm-chair will annoy you
19. Swiss mountains
20. Starts and finishes knot
21. Afternoon meal
23. There's washing to be done before these are used
25. Fruit on calendar
27. What kiddies find in birthday parcel
29. Where you can skate
31. Last half of game
33. You need some sort of system to make a good one
35. Saw has these—so have you
36. Tailless rat
39. Terrible news is sometimes this
42. Earns scandal
43. Light surrounding head of saint
45. Able-bodied seaman
46. Being awarded one usually pleases competitor
48. Vegetable much used for soup
51. Part of baboon in pool
53. Middle of tattoo

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 60. Closing, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1937.



JB 60 JB 60

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

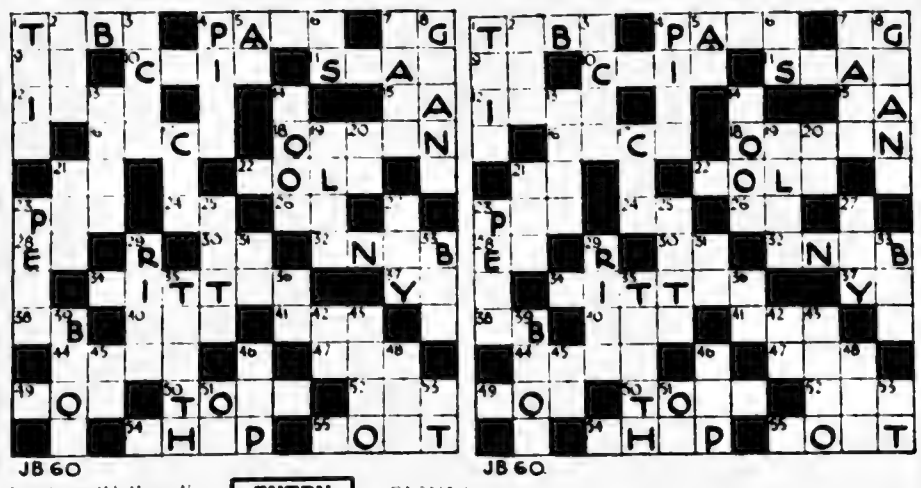
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 60. Closing, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1937.



JB 60 JB 60

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

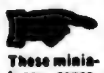
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 60, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

COPY SQUARES

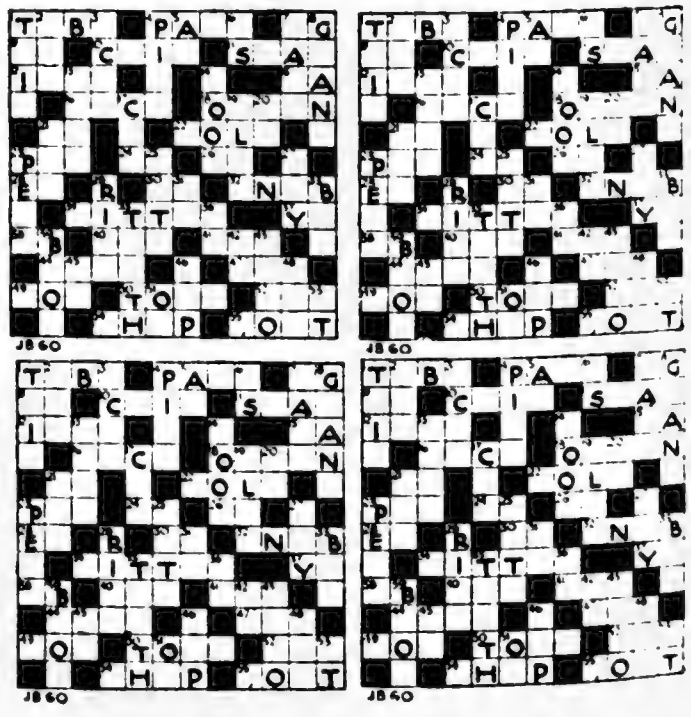


These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competitor's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of JOHN BULL. Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



JB 60 JB 60 JB 60 JB 60

You will say "All's well" with your dog if you condition him regularly, with

GEORGE BELL'S CONDITION POWDERS.

Made by BELLS, the Veterinary Chemists whose reputation means everything to tens of thousands of Farmers and Stock-breeders the World over. YOU can have this expert specialised care on animals for your dog if you insist upon

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They cost no more than ordinary proprietaries, therefore *insist* upon George Bell's Condition Powders.

Large Packets of Powders **6d.** 24 Powders **1/-**. From Chemists, Pet Shops, etc.

Send a post card to "J.B." Dept. for a free copy of George Bell's book—"All About Your Dog."

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CONDITION POWDERS
BELL & SONS LTD. *Veterinary Chemists*
LIVERPOOL. 13.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CORONATION SOUVENIR OF ALL

Look for the beautiful coloured cover at all bookstalls and newsagents.

SELLING OUT FAST

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY

Lavishly illustrated and superbly printed in rich photogravure, "Weekly Illustrated's" Special Extra Coronation Souvenir and Guide, is the most beautiful of all Coronation Souvenirs. The demand for this historic work is so tremendous that you must get your copy to-day before it's too late. Price One Shilling.

In this grand Souvenir are hundreds of fascinating pictures of the lives of the King and Queen—pictures that take you behind the scenes of the preparations for the Coronation, etc. Whole page plates printed in colours, enthralling articles that tell you all about the Coronation—the story of the Royal Regalia, the Coronation Ceremony word for word, etc. Here, too, is a wonderful large size map of the Royal Coronation Route, printed in colour and illustrated with well known London landmarks, and notes and details of the events of the Coronation season, etc., etc.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED'S *Special* CORONATION SOUVENIR & GUIDE

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size. 16½ x 10 x 9½ins.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

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OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis, Ganged Frequency Coils with trimmers, British Valves, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; 12 volt 2 unit Accumulator, Long Life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet Polished in two Shades of Walnut, as Illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay

[illegible]

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and [illegible] this and other Sets for Listeners or Manufacturers to Peter Hole.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

25 SOLID SILVER TANKARDS FREE!

Write on a postcard what you [illegible] the best words to complete the following [illegible] on page [illegible]. No condition—[illegible] the first prize 25 solid [illegible] awarded Free! Send in your [illegible]

BETTER DAYS ARE COMING—

Keep Fit with 'ASPRO' and enjoy life

For most people winter brought a pack of trouble. Illness has afflicted them—run-down and nervy conditions have resulted for many. But better days are in store if you take 'ASPRO.' Then you will banish all the petty after-effects of illness—you will enjoy life again. Irritability, aches, pains, ills, chills, rheumatic twinges, headaches, sore throats, all yield to the quick-acting, soothing and healing methods of 'ASPRO' tablets. 'ASPRO' is a true friend to those who suffer because, after ingestion in the system, it is a solvent of Uric Acid—an internal antiseptic—an antipyretic or fever-reducer—and a powerful germicide. 'ASPRO,' therefore, attacks the causes of numerous complaints. So

DON'T FORGET YOUR 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

FEELING QUITE MY OLD SELF

St. Anthony, Town Cross Avenue,
Dear Sirs, Bognor Regis.

Having suffered considerably with rheumatism over a period of many weeks and failed to obtain relief from practically all known treatments I at last decided to try 'ASPRO.'

No words can adequately describe my gratitude for the relief I obtained in such a short time and now after having taken 'ASPRO' for only a few days I am feeling quite my old self.

Yours truly,
D. FRANKHAM (Mrs.).

WHOLE FAMILY USES 'ASPRO'

Dear Sir, Bristol.

I cannot speak too highly of your 'ASPRO' Tablets and they have proved of most wonderful value. My husband swears by them, that no medicine ever eases him or gives him ease as 'ASPRO' and also myself and children for toothache, earache, headache, rheumatism, every pain in your whole body 'ASPRO' will relieve. Believe me it is true.

Yours very gratefully,
W. J. MOUNTFORD.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
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LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO

S.O.S.

YOU'VE heard S.O.S. calls on the wireless, you've read about S.O.S. calls at sea; now let us tell you about other S.O.S.'s that are equally dramatic. They are the urgent letters which reach "John Bull" every day written by readers in their dark hour.

When registered readers' homes have been ravaged by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, they have sent urgent letters to "John Bull," and "John Bull" under its great Free Family Insurance Gift has been quick to act. A prompt cheque dispatched in time of need is received as a godsend with heartfelt gratitude.

AGAIN when accidents in registered readers' homes have brought anxiety, and even tragedy, when readers have fallen foul of the perils of the Sports Field, when readers' children have met with accidents at play, when readers' homes have been rifled by burglars—"John Bull" has acted quickly and shown the best of all forms of sympathy—**practical** sympathy . . . help in the hour of need.

Every day "John Bull" answers the S.O.S.'s of its registered readers and cements still more strongly their confidence in "John Bull" as their true friend in need.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to numerous other benefits **"John Bull" is the only paper to safeguard your household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and to pay Sickness Benefit.**

Secure this unrivalled protection for you and yours NOW by filling up the forms below. DO IT TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "JOHN BULL" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/4/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24/4/37

A Super Bargain Specially for HOUSEWIVES!

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTR. BOOKLET

Turn to p. 27 and fill in the coupon for booklet illustrating the Hoover Junior Model.

Say good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dust-pan and brush. Abolish the old fashioned methods of carpet sweeper and replace with an effortless, thorough cleaning Hoover which can now be secured for only a few shillings down and small monthly payments.

Get full particulars of this wonderful model by filling in the coupon on p. 27, or write mentioning "John Bull" to **Hoover, Ltd., Dept. XG, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.**

"FITTER BRITAIN" MOVEMENT FREE HEALTH CHARTS

to "John Bull" readers

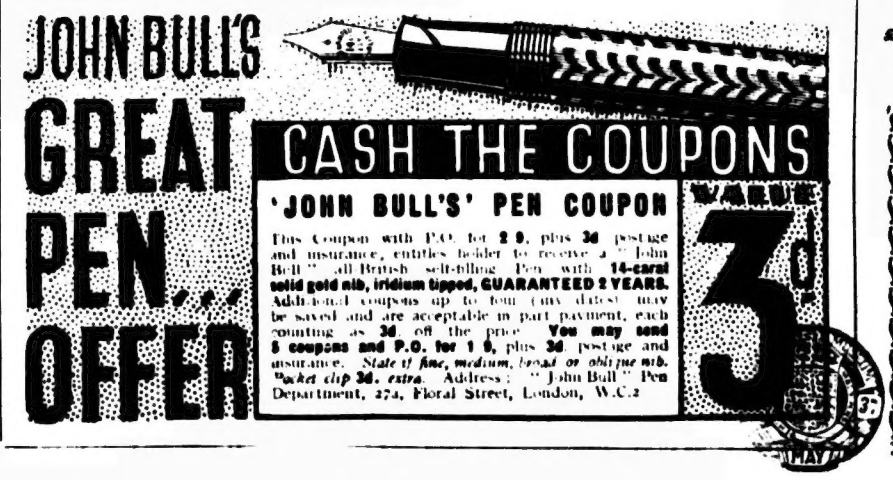
THOUSANDS of applications are being received by Hovis, Ltd., the well-known Bread and Health Bread-Lane, for copies of their new Health Charts.

Specially prepared by well-known authorities to aid Government's plans for National fitness, the charts supply complete regime for improving health and general efficiency.

Physical development, slimming, improvement at sports and games, are all covered. Complete system of exercises illustrated with actual photographs simplifies health culture for man-in-the-street.

Another chart specially designed for ladies by the Women's League of Health and Beauty is now ready.

Arranged in handy form for attaching to wall of a room, hall or bedroom, these Charts will be a popular feature in homes, schools and institutions. Applications are being dealt with in strict rotation by Hovis, Ltd., Macclesfield, and should state definitely whether the chart required is for gentlemen or ladies.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GREAT
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'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2 9, plus 3d postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1 0, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2
VALUE
3d
MAY

HIS WIFE

Was Imaginary— But She Brought Him £300!

"I've enjoyed every minute of making Bullets," this winner says.

"MANY a night he's spent at his 'Bullets'—ever since he left school, in fact. I'm right glad that he's got to the top of the class at last."

There, in his mother's simple words, you have the whole story of the First Prize success which has come in our 1,065th Competition to reward the perseverance of a young Scots bachelor, Mr. J. Boyd, 87, Gould Street, Ayr.

It was after years of plodding that this attendant at the Glengall Mental Hospital entered the telling *Bullet*, WITH HER HELP—I DON'T *Look* "UNEMPLOYED."

Even without a wife to help him, Mr. Boyd will have no difficulty in finding good uses for his £300 cheque—and his companion on the Coronation Visit to London, accompanying the cash award, will be one of his family.

"I have been interested in *Bullets* for 15 years," this First Prize-winner told me, writes a JOHN BULL representative, "and I have enjoyed every minute of it. But it has only been during my last four years of regular entry that I have achieved any real success."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A consistent winner, who has entered *Bullets* ever since these Contests started in October, 1912, carried off the splendid Second Prize of £50 and a Cup Final visit for two. He is Mr. T. S. Feakins, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, sender of the timely effort, IF BRITAIN'S ATTACKED—THANKFUL NEVILLE "HELD PISTOL——."

"This is my second Second Prize," Mr. Feakins told JOHN BULL. "I have also won a Third and a Fourth—clear proof for the Doubting Thomases that achieving one big success does not bar one from gaining another."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Not a £50 prize, not a £300 cheque, but a £500 fortune and a £25 fee for a day's work will be yours if, spurred on by the fine prize-list on opposite page, you submit the best *Bullet* for this Contest. Turn your attention to the inviting list of *Examples* now and Coronation Week may well be crowned for you by a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, May 14.

POSTCARD CONTEST RESULT.

In our Headings No. 1 Postcard Contest, announced in JOHN BULL dated April 10, the £10 cheque for best entry has been won by **J. HANNER, 3, Clarence Gardens, Crook, Co. Durham.**

Original Heading: The Grandmother Bride.

Winning Entry: Romeo And Joan.

Five prizes of £1 and prizes for Runners-up are also being posted this week.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1066.

First Prize, £500 and Coronation Seats as announced:

E. CHAPPELL, 7, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.

Example: DIFFICULT DAYS
Bullet: WE HAVE "SEVEN."

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Cup Final Seats for Two:

H. J. B. HUNT, 18, Carrington Road, Dartford, Kent.

Example: In The Newlyweds' Home
Bullet: Even Dusting's A "Caress."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Miss S. LAMONT, 52, Bellevue Crescent, Ayr, N.B.

Example: Now They're In
Bullet: Summer Schoolroom, "Shining" More.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Miss S. TIBBETTS, 119, Highfield Road, Wellingboro', Northants.
Now Dad's Training—Misses Train, *Next* Station!

£15: Mrs. M. E. BETTS, Raisdale, Marine Parade, Penarth, Cardiff.
Working Miracles—A "Little Responsibility."

£10: J. BYRNE, 118, Hornby Boulevard, Litherland, Liverpool.
Up For The Coronation Penny Flag—Message, *Priceless.*

£9 10s.: W. A. GEDDES, Cooke Hall, Killyleagh, Belfast.
Healthy Sign—And Sign And Sicken.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: E. G. ROCK, 22, Montgomerie Road, Southsea.
Barriers—Ignored—Two Hearts "Leaping."

£8 10s.: C. KENYON, 37, Grasmere Street, Burnley.
Calls For Courage—"War Terrified Me, Sonny!"

£8: Miss M. TAYLOR, 23, Aylestone Lane, Wigston, Leicester.
Remember, Hitler—Greater "Leader" *Fed* Followers.

£7 10s.: W. ELLIOTT, 28, Atwood Avenue, Richmond.
When The Guns Speak—Food Rationed—"Fodder" Squandered.

£7: A. HUTTON, Rockhouse, Corbridge, Northumberland.
Sailor's Sweetheart — Feeling For Love *Sure.*

£6 10s.: G. SUGDEN, 66, Cavendish Road, Walton, Liverpool.
Not For Me—Dancing—Pink Toes "Twinkling."

£6: W. THOMAS, s.s. "Northern Coast," Trafalgar Dock, Liverpool.
Working Miracles—Parents—Then Considered "Impossible."

£5 10s.: Mrs. A. ASH, 219, Badger Avenue, Crewe, Ches.
Too Many Children—Better Than No Happiness.

£5: S. THOMPSON, 13, Lyndale Road, White hall, Bristol.
Calls For Courage—And Calls Courage Unemployment.

£4 10s.: D. J. GRIFFITHS, 25, Hopton Road, Streatham, S.W.
Barriers—*Helping* Me Along, Crutches.

£4: S. L. NORMAN, 14, Perivale Gardens, Ealing, W.
Remember, Hitler—Limit To "I'm I"

£3 10s.: Mrs. A. HAWKIN, 29, Brook Street, Belper, Derbyshire.
Too Many Children—Lonely In Parlour Company.

£3: Mrs. M. LUSCOMBE, 5, Enmore Gardens, East Sheen, S.W.
In Barracks—"Bung Over The Caviare!"

£2 10s.: A. C. GRAHAM, 46, Bramham Terrace, London, N.W.
I Like Gardening, But—Resent Being Seen Greengrocer!

A list of 200 winners of Coronation Surprise Parcels and 330 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

£3,400 CASH AND RADIOS WON IN CROSSWORD No. 57

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 57, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 44) were the following sixteen competitors:

J. Barr, Eastgate Corner, Horsham, E. Yorks; G. Dean, 101, Stocks Lane, Stalybridge; K. H. Edwards, Mendip House, Axbridge, Som.; W. H. Foster, 50, Sandown Avenue, Westcliff, Essex; H. F. Grylls, Dane House, Farnden Road, Newark; E. Harrow, 12, Halifax Street, Sydenham, S.E.26; J. Horner, 71, Tuel Lane, Sowerby Bridge, Yorks; S. J. Kebellon, 76 Cranley Road, Ilford; G. Makin, Denholme, Moss Lane, Timperley, Ches.; Mrs. M. C. Mitchell, 15, Streatham Road, Edinburgh; E. J. Smith, 59, Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1; Miss F. Smith, 27, Oxford Street, Salford; L. H. Smith, 239, Balham High Road, London, S.W.17; J. W. Stapleton, 24, Welsh House Lane, York Road, Doncaster; Mrs. H. Starkey, 13, Victoria Terrace, Ruston, Derbys; C. S. Stebbings, Lamorna, Healey Road, Caversham, Reading; P. Thomson, 58, Foss all Terrace, Edinburgh; R. Turner, 148, Aldborough Road, Seven Kings, Essex; Miss C. A. Wilson, 1, Football Green, Hornsea, E. Yorks.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of 3,000 Guineas and a cheque for £165 15s. 10d. will be sent to each, together with an 8-Guinea All-wave "Ferranti" Radio.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 27, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order (under Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £250 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 143 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 7s. 4d. for each winning Square. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Royal Mint Silver Coronation Medal will be sent to each cash prize-winner who made a "Crossword Gazette" Reservation in accordance with the Terms of the Offer.

WHO'LL BE NEXT TO WIN A 'BULLETS' FORTUNE FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS?

6,550 OTHER AWARDS

£50		£25		£10
£9.10	£9	£8.10	£8	£7.10
£7		£6.10	£6	£5.10
£5		£4.10	£4	£3.10
£3		3 of £2·10		30 of £1

UNIQUE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE!

£500

CASH and a DAY'S WORK AS "BULLETS" JUDGE SALARY £25 AND ALL EXPENSES PAID

ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION

ELECTRIC STRIKING CLOCK

VALUE £3·11·6

50 SURPRISE BONUSES one to each winner of prize of £1 up to £50 this week VALUE OVER £2 EACH

500 £2's
2000 £1's
4000 STAR TARGETS

OFFERED ONE WEEK ONLY - CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. MAY 1

ONE WEEK TO MAKE YOUR ENTRY FOR CORONATION WEEK'S BIGGEST THRILL!

Even greater than any thrill of Coronation Day is the Surprise in store for some "Bullets" competitor on Friday, May 14—and that competitor may well be *you*. Think of the delight of reading that day in a Golden Joy Wire from John Bull that you have joined the winners seen above and captured a fortune of £500 by adding three or four simple words. And picture yourself spending an interesting working day at Long Acre as a *Bullets* judge, earning for a few hours at a salary sum of £25, with all expenses paid!

Besides this unparalleled 2-in-1 First Prize for a *Bullet* there are 50 other surprise awards in this big one-week Offer, to each of which will be added a bonus value over £2. And there is another unique attraction this week: a special prize won by a *Bullet* containing the word "Time," a Special Presentation Electric £3 11s. 6d. striking clock, worked by electricity, will be added.

Full instructions for making *Bullets*, with 2,000 *Examples* to choose from, are given on this page—start now and join the company of over 1,060 men and women who have won a *Bullets* First Prize.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

When you are starting to make *Bullets*, your first task is to read through the 2,000 *Examples* and write down all the words any of them suggest to you.

Next, refer back to your rough notes and carefully build them into neat *Bullets*. Remember that first each of your finished *Bullets* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment connected with the selected *Example*. Suppose, for instance, that you had been inspired by the *Example*, HE'S A GAMBLER. Against it you might write: *Probably End Up Ruined*. That is a *Bullet*, but by juggling with the words a few minutes you could easily improve that rough note by an additional effort. HE'S A GAMBLER, SO "BULLETS" Is "CERTAINTY."

Base your winning on your own efforts, but study the good points of the winning entries on the opposite page. Then make your own, remember that your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, May 1.

IMPORTANT CLOSING DATE NOTICE Continuing until further notice, *Bullets* entries bearing *postmark* up to and including closing date will be accepted. Thus, since *Bullets* entries may now be *posted* on Saturday, this gives you the advantage of an extra day in which to prepare your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,070)

COMING TO BRITAIN
TO BUILD FRIENDSHIP
MAN ON THE THRONE
BEST OF THE BUNCH
LAND OF ENCHANTMENT
TO HELP CUPID
MAKING WORK
DILLY AND DALLY
FUMBLING
SOBER AS A JUDGE
WHEN GRANDPA UMPIRED
SNORTING WITH RAGE
UNGRATEFUL
OFF THE BEATEN TRACK
NOT SO EASY
ALL HE HAD
STUBBORN
THE SOLUTION
HE'S A GAMBLER, SO
WORTH FOLLOWING
IN THE SHADE
TICKLES ME
THE VILLAIN SMILED AND
FOUND HIM OUT
"IT ISN'T WORTH IT!"
LIKE A RAINBOW
WHAT IS SPORT?
GETTING OVER IT
HE RACKED HIS BRAINS, BUT
WET BLANKET
RUSHED
REMINDS ME OF HER
NOW WE'VE A BABY
LIFE IS HELL WHEN
TOO GOOD TO LAST
MRS. BROWN SAYS

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. A Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the first being for cleverness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Competitors' attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be detached.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition is accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an essential condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH 'BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,070) Closing postmark SAT., May 1. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,070) Closing postmark SAT., May 1. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Signed ..... Address .....

You can post your entry up till last post Saturday, May 1.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,070) Closing postmark SAT., May 1. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,070) Closing postmark SAT., May 1. P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,070 usually purchase their copy of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,065 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. M. Faulds, 24, George Street, Ayr.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,070, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How did she get rid of Winter Fat

HER problem was how to get rid of that accumulated Winter fat—and she solved it with the aid of Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, ensure internal health and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So, start to-day to get rid of your Winter fat with the aid of Bile Beans. You will soon notice the improvement in your figure and health.

"I weighed ten stones five pounds but since taking Bile Beans I have reduced by fourteen pounds. I never miss my nightly Bile Beans. They not only keep my weight down but benefit my health and make me feel fine."—Mrs. L. B., Gillingham.

• • •

"My weight had got to over fourteen stones when on a friend's recommendation I began to take Bile Beans regularly every night. Since then I have lost seventeen pounds of surplus fat and I am confident that Bile Beans will still further reduce me until my figure is normal."—Mrs. M. G., Edinburgh.

• • •

"I must tell you how pleased I am with Bile Beans which have removed all my surplus fat and reduced my hip measurement by four inches. Bile Beans also keep me in splendid health and youthful in spirits and appearance."—Mrs. A. F., Bridport.

BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE WITHOUT DIETING

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